

BV 460

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1880







Bliss, Phelps

GOSPEL HYMNS COMBINED.

Embracing Volumes Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

AS USED IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

Other Religious Services.

WORDS ONLY.

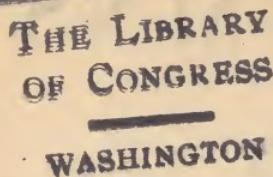


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PREFACE.

THIS collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes as used by D. L. MOODY and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs" (vol. 1); "Gospel Hymns, No. 2," compiled by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY; and "Gospel Hymns, No. 3," by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES MCGRANAHAN, and GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

The hymns from No. 2 and No. 3 have been *re-numbered* in consecutive order, all duplicates omitted, and for convenience of reference the *original* numbers are printed at the top of each hymn in brackets—the first figure in the bracket indicating the number of the book, and the last the original number of the hymn. No new or additional pieces have been inserted.

We trust that *GOSPEL HYMNS COMBINED* may prove acceptable and helpful to all who may desire the three books in one.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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GOSPEL HYMNS COMBINED.

No. 1. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 1.*

- A LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord, our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus, has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
-

5. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 5.*

IN some way or other the Lord will provide :
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way ;
And yet, in His *own* way,
“The Lord will provide.”

CHO.—Then we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide ;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.

- 2 At some time or other the Lord will provide :
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time ;
And yet, in His *own* time,
“The Lord will provide.”

- 3 Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide :
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken :
“The Lord will provide.”

- 4 March on then right boldly ; the sea shall divide :
The pathway made glorious,

With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
“The Lord will provide.”

6. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 6. (G. H. 2-67.)*

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,

But one was out on the hills away,

Far off from the gates of gold—

||: Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care. :||

- 2 “Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:

Are they not enough for Thee?”

But the Shepherd made answer: “'Tis of mine

Has wandered away from me;

And although the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed; [through,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry—

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

- 4 “Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way

That mark out the mountain's track?”

“They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.”

“Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?”

“They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.”

- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

“Rejoice! I have found my sheep!”

And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

7. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 7.*

WE shall meet beyond the river,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the darkness shall be over,
 By and by, by and by.
 With the toilsome journey done,
 And the glorious battle won,
 We shall shine forth as the sun,
 By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
 By and by, by and by;
 We shall sing redemption's story,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the strains for evermore
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er
 Yonder everlasting shore,
 By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
 By and by, by and by;
 Who a crown of life will give us,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the angels, who fulfil
 All the mandates of His will,
 Shall attend, and love us still,
 By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
 By and by, by and by;
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,
 By and by, by and by;

All the blest ones who have gone
 To the land of life and song,
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,
 By and by, by and by.

8. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 8. (G. II. 2-115.)*

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
 Which moves with busy haste along?
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?
 What means this strange commotion, pray?
 ||: In accents hush'd the throng reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has He skill
 To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring notes reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.

||: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 Again He comes! From place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace.
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
 He enters—condescends to stay.

||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"? :||

- 5 Ho ! all ye heavy-laden, come :
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept His proffered grace.
 ||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh ;
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||
- 6 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all His wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 ||: "Too late ! too late !" will be the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth *has* passed by." :||
-

9.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 9.

THIS loving Saviour
 Stands patiently ;
 Though oft rejected,
 Calls again for thee.

CHO.—Calling now for thee, prodigal,
 Calling now for thee ;
 Thou hast wandered far away,
 But He's calling now for thee.

2 O boundless mercy !
 Free, free to all.
 Stay, child of error,
 Heed the tender call.

3 Though all unworthy,
 Come now, come home—
 Say, while He's waiting,
 "Jesus, dear, I come."

10. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 10.*

WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout the sound !

Send the blessed tidings all the world around ;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found :
" Whosoever will," may come.

CHO.—" Whosoever will," " whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill ;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home :
" Whosoever will," may come.

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay ;
Now the door is open, enter while you may ;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way :
" Whosoever will," may come.

3 " Whosoever will," the promise secure ;
" Whosoever will," forever must endure ;
" Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore :
" Whosoever will," may come.

11. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 11. (G. H. 2-52.)*

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
I A dear, loving Saviour though earth-friends be few ;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And O that my Saviour were your Saviour too !

CHO.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father : to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven ;
But O that He'd let me bring you with me too !

- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
 Oh! when I receive it all shining in brightness,
 Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this world never
 knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
 And O could I know it was given to you!
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
 glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for
 you!
-

12. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 12.*

WAND'RING afar from the dwellings of men,
 Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten.
 “Jesus, have mercy!” brings healing divine;
 One came to worship, but where are the nine?

 CHO.—Where are the nine?
 Where are the nine?
 Were there not ten cleansed!—
 Where are the nine?

- 2 Loudly the stranger sang praise to the Lord,
 Knowing the cure had been wrought by His word;
 Gratefully owning the Healer divine.
 Jesus says tenderly, “Where are the nine?”
- 3 “Who is this Nazarene?” Pharisees say;
 “Is He the Christ? Tell us plainly, we pray.”
 Multitudes follow Him, seeking a sign;
 Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see ;
 Thousands deridingly ask, " Who is He ? "
 How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine !
 Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine ?

13. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 13.*

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
 To take me away to His own dear home ;
 But I know that His presence will lighten the
 And that will be glory for me. [gloom,
 CHO.—And that will be glory for me,
 Oh, that will be glory for me !
 But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
 And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing ;
 I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring ;
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
 And that will be music for me.

CHO.—And that will be music for me,
 Oh, that will be music for me !
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
 And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair ;
 I know not the name that I then shall bear ;
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

CHO.—And that will be heaven for me,
 Oh, that will be heaven for me !
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

14. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 14. (G. H. 2-130.)*

H O, my comrades ! see the signal
 Waving in the sky !

Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh !

CHO.—“ Hold the fort, for I am coming,”
Jesus signals still ;
Wave the answer back to heaven—
“ By Thy grace, we will.”

2 See the mighty host advancing !

Satan leading on ;

Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving !

Hear the bugle blow ;

In our Leader’s name we’ll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,

But our Help is near ;

Onward comes our great Commander ;
Cheer ! my comrades, cheer !

15. *Tunc—G. H. Combined. No. 15.*

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour’s love revealing.

REF.—O depth of mercy ! Can it be
That gate was left ajar for me ?
For me ? for me ?—
Was left ajar for me ?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all

Who seek through it salvation ;

The rich and poor, the great and small
Of every tribe and nation.

- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open ;
 Accept the cross and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven.

16. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 16. (G. H. 2-116.)*

FREE from the law ! O happy condition !
 Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission ;
 Curs'd by the law and bruis'd by the fall,
 Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all ! O sinner, receive it !
 Once for all ! O brother, believe it !
 Cling to the cross, the burden will fall ;
 Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

- 2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation—
 Jesus provides a perfect salvation ;
 “Come unto *Me* !” O hear His sweet call !
 Come, and He saves us once for all.
- 3 “Children of God !” O glorious calling !
 Surely His grace will keep us from falling :
 Passing from death to life at His call :
 Blessed salvation, once for all.

17. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 17. (G. H. 2-27.)*

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there ?
 Waiting, waiting—O how fair !
 ’Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before.

Ah ! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door ?

2 Knocking, knocking—still He's there,
Waiting, waiting—wondrous fair ;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what ! still there ?
Waiting, waiting—grand and fair ;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

18. *G. H. Combined.* No. 18. (G. H. 2-32 : 3-121.)

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave :
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting ;
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently ;
He will forgive, if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it :
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them,
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

19. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 19.*

RING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
 For a soul returning from the wild ;
 See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,
 Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.

CHO.—Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing ;
 Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring ;
 'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
 Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
 For the wanderer now is reconciled ;
 Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
 And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day ;
 Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain !
 Tell the joyful tidings ! bear it far away !
 For a precious soul is born again.

20. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 20.*

- I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
 While the years of eternity roll ;
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 O that home of the soul ! in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see ;
 'Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
 :: Between the fair city and me. ::
 Till I fancy, etc.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
 :: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. ::
 The King of all, etc.
- 4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain,
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
 :: To meet one another again ! ::
 With songs on, etc.

21. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 21. (G. H. 2-59.)*

I GAVE My life for thee,
 I My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave, I gave My life for thee,
 What hast thou given for Me ?

- 2 My Father's house of light,
 My glory-circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone.
 I left, I left it all for thee ;
 Hast thou left aught for Me ?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee ;
 What hast thou borne for Me ?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love.
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee ;
 What hast thou brought to Me ?

22.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 22.

WE'RE going home,
 No more to roam,
 No more to sin and sorrow ;
 No more to wear
 The brow of care—
 We're going home to-morrow.

CHO.—We're going home (we're going home), we're
 going home to-morrow.
 We're going home (we're going home), we're
 going home to-morrow.

2 For weary feet
 Awaits a street
 Of wondrous pave and golden :

For hearts that ache,
The angels wake
The story sweet and olden.

3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 O joyful song !
O ransomed throng !
Where sin no more shall sever ;
Our King to see,
And O ! to be
With Him at home forever !

23. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 23.*

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given ;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see :
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me ;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray ;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 O ! if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,

This shall my song in eternity be,
 " O what a wonder that Jesus loves me ! "

- 1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him ;
 Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem.
 Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree ;
 O, I am certain that Jesus loves me !
 - 2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell ?
 Glory to Jesus ! I know very well.
 God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
 Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.
 - 3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest ;
 Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest ;
 Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
 When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.
-

24. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 24. (G. H. 2-129.)*

REJOICE and be glad !
 The Redeemer has come !
 Go look on His cradle, His cross and His tomb.

CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the story
 Of Him who was slain ;
 Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
 He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad !
 It is sunshine at last !

The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad !
 For the blood hath been shed ;
 Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad !

Now the pardon is free !

The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad !

For the Lamb that was slain

O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad !

For our King is on high ;

He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad !

For He cometh again ;

He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the story

Of Him who was slain ;

Sound His praises, tell with gladness,

He cometh again.

25. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 25.*

WE praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love :
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above !

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy Spirit of Light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our
night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our
ways.

5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

26.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 26.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me;
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee.
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfil its vow,
 Some offering bring thee now—
 Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee:
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer—
 Something for Thee!

3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wand'rer sought and won—
 Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

27. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 27.*

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour !
 Hear my humble cry ;
 While on others Thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry :
 While on others Thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief ;
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
 Would I seek Thy face ;
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me,
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
 Whom in heaven but Thee?

28. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 28.*

ONE more day's work for Jesus ;
 One less of life for me !
 But heav'n is nearer,
 And Christ is dearer,
 Than yesterday to me.
 His love and light
 Fill all my soul to-night.

CHO.—One more day's work for Jesus,
 One more day's work for Jesus,
 One more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of life for me.

- 2 One more day's work for Jesus ;
 How glorious is my King !
 'Tis joy, not duty,
 To speak His beauty.
 My soul mounts on the wing
 At the mere thought
 How Christ my life has bought.
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus ;
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 When Christ's flock enter in !
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine !
- 4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 O yes, a weary day !
 But heaven shines clearer,
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way !
 And Christ in all—
 Before his face I fall.
- 5 O blessed work for Jesus !
 O rest at Jesus' feet !—
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for Him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day !

29.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 29.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus !
 All our sins and griefs to bear ;

What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit!
 O what needless pain we bear!—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour! still our refuge—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

30.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 30.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

CHO.—O 'twas love! 'twas wondrous love!
 The love of God to me;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
 The risen Son of God ;
 Redemption by His death I find,
 And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
 And to His saints makes known
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,
 Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls rejoicing go ;
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste, here below,
 Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph in the dying hour
 Through Christ the Lord, our King.
-

31.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 31.

H AVE you on the Lord believ'd ?
 Still there's more to follow ;
 Of His grace have you receiv'd ?
 Still there's more to follow.
 O the grace the Father shows !
 Still there's more to follow.
 Freely He His grace bestows—
 Still there's more to follow.

CHO.—More and more, more and more,
 Always more to follow ;
 O His matchless, boundless love !
 Still there's more to follow.

2 Have you felt the Saviour near ?
 Still there's more to follow.

Does His blessed presence cheer?

Still there's more to follow.

O the love that Jesus shows!

Still there's more to follow.

Freely He His love bestows—

Still there's more to follow.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power

(Still there's more to follow)

Falling like a gentle shower?

Still there's more to follow.

O the power the Spirit shows!

Still there's more to follow.

Freely He His power bestows—

Still there's more to follow.

32

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 32.

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow.

Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REF.—Bless me now, bless me now;
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour
Send Thy grace and show Thy power!
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake
Lift the clouds, the setters break!
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ Thy Son before;

Now the time ! and this the place !
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

33.

Tune--*G. H. Combined.* No. 33.

WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou
With empty hands and clouded brow ?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?
Late I found a barren field—
The harvest past my search revealed ;
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained.

CHO.—Forth to the harvest field away !
Gather your handfuls while you may ;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

2 Careless gleaner, what hast thou here ?—
These faded flow'rs and leaflets sere !
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, O where hast thou glean'd to-day ?
All day long in shady bow'rs
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers ;
Now, alas ! too late I see,
All I've gather'd is vanity.

3 Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see ;
Indeed thou must aweary be !
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?
Stay me not, till day is done ;
I've gathered handfuls, one by one :
Here and there for me they fall—
Close by the reapers I've found them all.

34. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 34.*

A H, my heart is heavy laden,
Weary and oppressed !

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

CHO.—"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?

"Yes, a crown in very surety—
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here ?

"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last ?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?

"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

35. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 35. (G. H. 2-131.)*

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small.

Child of weakness, watch and pray ;
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all ;
All to him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain ;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then “Jesus paid it all”
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

36. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 36.*

ONE there is above all others ;
O how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's ;
O how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us—
One day soothe, the next day grieve us—
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :
O how He loves !

- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him ;
 O how He loves !
 Think, O think how much we owe Him ;
 O how He loves !
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us ;
 O how He loves !
- 3 Blessed Jesus ! would you know Him ?
 O how He loves !
 Give yourselves entirely to Him ;
 O how He loves !
 Think no longer of the morrow,
 From the past new courage borrow,
 Jesus carries all your sorrow ;
 O how He loves !
- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven ;
 O how He loves !
 Backward shall your foes be driven ;
 O how He loves !
 Best of blessings He'll provide you,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
 Safe to glory He will guide you ;
 O how He loves !

37.

Tunc—G. H. Combined. No. 37.

TELL me the Old, Old Story,
 Of unseen things above ;
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 Tell me the Story simply,
 As to a little child ;

For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the Old, Old Story ;
Tell me the Old, Old Story ;
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The “early dew” of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave ;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save !
Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story
When you have cause to fear
That *this* world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear ;
Yes ! and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story :
“Christ Jesus makes thee whole.”

38.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 38.

COME home! come home!
C You are weary at heart;
 For the way has been dark,
 And so lonely and wild!

 O prodigal child
 Come home! O come home!

CHO.—Come home!

Come! O come home!

2 Come home! come home!
 For we watch and we wait,
 And we stand at the gate,
 While the shadows are piled.

 O prodigal child
 Come home! O come home!

3 Come home! Come home
 From the sorrow and blame,
 From the sin and the shame,
 And the tempter that smiled.

 O prodigal child
 Come home! O come home!

4 Come home! come home!
 There is bread and to spare,
 And a warm welcome there!
 Then, to friends reconciled,

 O prodigal child
 Come home! O come home!

39.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 39.

I LOVE to tell the Story
I Of unseen things above;
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the Story
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the Story !
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story !
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story !
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story !
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story !
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest ;
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY,
That I have loved so long.

40. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 40.*

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side ;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land.
 Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice
 Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come !
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come !
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release ;
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names were there ;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;
 Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come !
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home !

41. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 41.*

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
 Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

- CHO.—Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee :
 Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.
 Once I was blind, but now I can see :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
 We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
 Go wash at His bidding, and light will arise :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
 The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
 And the Light of that world is Jesus.

42. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 42.*

THE Spirit, O sinner,
 In mercy doth move
 Thy heart, so long hardened,
 Of sin to reprove ;
Resist not the Spirit,
 Nor longer delay ;

God's gracious entreaties may end with to-day.

- 2 O child of the kingdom,
 From sin service cease :
 Be filled with the Spirit,
 With comfort and peace.
O grieve not the Spirit !
 Thy Teacher is He,
 That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glorified be.

3 Defiled is the temple,
 Its beauty laid low ;
 On God's holy altar
 The embers faint glow ;
 By love yet rekindled,
 A flame may be fanned.

O quench not the Spirit!—*the Lord is at hand!*

43. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 43.*

BEATH the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand—
 The shadow of a mighty Rock
 Within a weary land.
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter !
 O refuge tried and sweet !
 O trysting-place where Heaven's love
 And Heaven's justice meet !
 As to the holy patriarch
 That wondrous dream was given,
 So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
 A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
 But on the further side,
 The darkness of an awful grave,
 That gapes both deep and wide ;
 And there between us stands the cross—
 Two arms outstretched to save—
 Like a watchman set to guard the way
 From that eternal grave.

- 4 Upon that cross of Jesus
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart, with tears,
 Two wonders I confess—
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

- 5 I take, O cross ! thy shadow
 For my abiding place ;
 I ask no other sunshine
 Than the sunshine of His face ;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss ;
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

44. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 44.*

WITH harps and with viols, there stand a great throng

In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song :

CHO.—Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,

 Unto Him be the glory for ever, amen !

- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
 Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.
- 3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king ;
 He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.
- 4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
 If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin !
- 5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
 So that others, believing, this new song shall sing.

45. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 45.*

JESUS, keep me near the cross!
 There, a precious fountain
 Free to all—a healing stream—
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the cross, in the cross,
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me ;
 There the bright and Morning Star
 Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross ! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me !
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait—
 Hoping, trusting ever—
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.

46. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 46.*

OBLISS of the purified ! bliss of the free !
 I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me ;
 O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
 And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHO.—O sing of His mighty love !
 Sing of His mighty love,
 Sing of His mighty love—
 Mighty to save !

- 2 O bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine !
 No longer in dread condemnation I pine.
 In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
 Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.
- 3 O bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot
 cure ;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest ;
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus's breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing !
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King ;
 My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the " Mighty to Save."

47. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 47.*

NO T now, my child ! A little more rough toss-
 ing,

A little longer on the billows' foam ;
 A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
 And then the sunshine of thy Father's home !

- 2 Not now ; for I have wanderers in the distance,
 And thou must call them in with patient love ;
 Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
 And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

- 3 Not now ; for I have loved ones sad and weary.
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow.
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

- 4 Not now ; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
 And thou must teach those widowed hearts to
 sing.

Not now ; for orphans' tears are quickly falling.
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?
- 6 One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning ;
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm.
One little hour ! and then the hallelujah—
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !
-

48. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 48.*

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power ;
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go ;
Trusting Thee I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

49. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 49.*

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

REF.—Saved by grace alone !

This is all my plea ;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

50. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 50. (G. H. 2-33 : 3-114.)*

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by ;
On the way from earth to heaven,
“I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye ;
On the way from earth to heaven,
“I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
 And thy trusted watchers fly ;
 Let this promise ring within thee—
 “ I will guide thee with Mine eye.”
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished
 In the grave of years gone by,
 Let this promise still be cherished—
 “ I will guide thee with Mine eye.”
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,
 And the hour has come to die ;
 Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
 “ I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

51. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 51.*

HE leadeth me ! O blessed thought !
 O words with heav’ly comfort fraught !
 Whate’er I do, where’er I be,
 Still ’tis God’s hand that leadeth me.
 REF.—He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
 By His own hand He leadeth me.
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes ’mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden’s bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o’er troubled sea—
 Still ’tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur, nor repine ;
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since ’tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done—
 When, by Thy grace, the victory’s won—

E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

52.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 52.

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty, bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

2 O let my lamp be burning,
When Jesus comes!
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes.
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
 When Jesus comes ;
 O how His arms will rest me,
 When Jesus comes !

53. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 53.*

WHAT ! "lay my sins on Jesus,"
 God's well-beloved Son ?

No ! 'tis a truth most precious,
 That God e'en *that* has done.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Jesus saves me !
 He makes me "white as snow."
 Hallelujah ! Jesus saves me !
 He makes me "white as snow."

2 Yes, tis a truth most precious
 To all who do believe ;
 God laid our sins on Jesus,
 Who did the load receive.

3 What ! "bring our guilt to Jesus,"
 To wash away our stains ?
 The act is passed that freed us !
 And naught to do remains.

54. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 54. (G. H. 2-100.)*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And That Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt ;
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind ;
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !
- 5 Just as I am ! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

55.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 55.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls ;
 Ye wand’rers come ;
 O ye benighted souls !
 Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls :
 O listen now !
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls :
 For refuge fly !
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
 Yield to His power.
 O grieve Him not away !
 'Tis mercy’s hour.

56. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 56. (G. H. 2-73.)*

THE great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus:
 He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
 O hear the voice of Jesus!

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song ;
 Sweetest Name on mortal tongue ;
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus ! blessed Jesus !

2 Your many sins are all forgiven ;
 O hear the voice of Jesus !

Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb !
 I now believe in Jesus ;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise ;
 O praise the name of Jesus !
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise ;
 O bless the name of Jesus !

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear—
 No other name but Jesus.
 O how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus !

7 And when to that bright world above
 We rise, to see our Jesus,

We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

57. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 57. (G. H. 2-126.)*

O CHRIST! what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup.

O Christ! 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop:
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, Love drank it up;
Now blessing's draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod.

O Christ! it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard.

O Christ! it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward;
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake.

O Christ! it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake,
Thy heart its sheath must be—

All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

58. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 58.*

O TO be over yonder!
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel har-
pers ring;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine, in the presence of the
King.

2 O to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the East, to see the blessed Day-star
bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day-breaking.

My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the
King.

3 O to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor weak sinful heart to any earthly
thing;

Each tie of earth must sever,
 And pass away for ever,
 But there's no more separation in the presence of the
 King.

4 O when shall I be dwelling
 Where angel voices, swelling

In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens
 ring?

Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
 And the morning star is beaming?—

O when shall I be yonder, in the presence of the
 King?

5 O when shall I be yonder?

The longing groweth stronger

To join in all the praises the redeemèd ones do sing
 Within those heavenly places,
 Where the angels vail their faces,

In awe and adoration, in the presence of the King.

6 Oh, I shall soon be yonder!

And lonely as I wander,

Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the
 bird's fleet wing;

The midnight may be dreary,
 And the heart be worn and weary,

But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence
 of the King.

59. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 59.*

I AM coming to the cross ;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
 I am counting all but dross ;
 I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 Blest Lamb of Calvary !
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow ;
 Save me, Jesus ! save me now !

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within ;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
 “ I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 - 3 Here I give my all to Thee—
 Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
 Soul and body, Thine to be ;
 Wholly thine for evermore.
 - 4 In Thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied ;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.
 - 5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !
 Perfected in Him I am ;
 I am every whit made whole ;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.
-

60. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 60.*

- A** LL the way my Saviour leads me !
 What have I to ask beside ?
 Can I doubt His tender mercy,
 Who thro’ life has been my guide ?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in Him to dwell !
- ||: For I know whate’er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well. :||
- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me !
 Cheers each winding path I tread ;

- Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread.
 Tho' my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 ||: Gushing from the Rock before me,
 Lo! a spring of joy I see. :||
- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me !
 O the fullness of His love !
 Perfect rest to me is promised,
 In my Father's house above.
 When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 ||: This my song through endless ages—
 Jesus led me all the way. :||
-

61.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 61.

GO bury thy sorrow,
 The world has its share :
 Go bury it deeply,
 Go hide it with care ;
 Go think of it calmly,
 When curtained by night ;
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus ;
 He knoweth thy grief.
 Go tell it to Jesus ;
 He'll send thee relief.
 Go gather the sunshine
 He sheds on the way.
 He'll lighten thy burden ;
 Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing aweary
 With heavier woe
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—
 Go comfort them, go.
 Go bury thy sorrows,
 Let others be blest ;
 Go give them the sunshine—
 Tell Jesus the rest.

62. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 62.*

COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
 Here in His word He's shown us the way ;
 Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
 Tenderly saying, "Come ! "

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free ;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
 In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children !" O hear His voice !
 Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
 And let us freely make Him our choice ;
 Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day ;
 Heed now His blest commands, and obey ;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 " Will you, my children, come ? "

63. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 63. (G. H. 2-40.)*

I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord !
 Coming now to Thee !
 Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

- 2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure ;
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love ;
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
 The blessed work within,
 By adding grace to welcomed grace,
 Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but brings the plea.
- 6 All hail, atoning blood !
 All hail, redeeming grace !
 All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our strength and righteousness !

64. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 64.*

TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair;
 She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
 Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
 ¶ She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord. :|

- 2 The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
 That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall ;
 And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
 ||: As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet. :||
- 3 She heard but the Saviour, she spoke but with sighs ;
 She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;
 And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
 ||: As her lips to His sandals were throbingly pressed. :||
- 4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow—
 In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow—
 He looked on that lost one : “ her sins were forgiven.”
 ||: And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven. :||

65. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 65.*

BRIGHTELY beams our Father's mercy
 From His light-house evermore ;
 But to us He gives the keeping
 Of the lights along the shore.

CHO.—Let the lower lights be burning !
 Send a gleam across the wave !
 Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
 You may rescue, you may save.

- 2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
 Loud the angry billows roar ;
 Eager eyes are watching, longing
 For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother :
 Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,
 Trying now to make the harbor,
 In the darkness *may be lost.*

66. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 66. (G. H. 2-16.)*

A LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin,
 And wondered if ever the light would shine in ;
 I heard Christian friends tell of rapturē divine,
 And wish'd, how I wish'd that their Saviour were
 mine.

CHO.—I wish'd He were mine; yes, I wish'd He
 were mine.

I wished, how I wished that their Saviour
 were mine.

2 I heard the glad gospel of “good-will to men,”
 I read “whosoever” again and again ;
 I said to my soul, “Can that promise be thine ? ”
 And then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

CHO.—I hoped He was mine; yes, I hoped He was
 mine.

I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

3 O mercy surprising ! He saves even me !
 “Thy portion forever” He says “will I be.”
 On His word I’m resting—assurance divine !
 I’m “hoping” no longer—I *know* He is mine !

CHO.—I know He is mine; yes, I know He is mine !
 I’m “hoping” no longer—I know He is mine.

67. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 67. (G. H. 3-43.)*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;

Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never with'ring flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between ;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

68. *Tune—RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. Key C.*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
I Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

69. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 69.*

TILL *He come!*"—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords!

Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home
Lie beyond that "*Till He come!*"

- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb!
It is only "*Till He come!*"
 - 3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"
 - 4 See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine and eat the bread—
Sweet memorials!—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board.
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"
-

70. DENNIS. S. M. Key F.

HOW solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

- 2 "Ye must be born again,"
 For so hath God decreed :
 No reformation will suffice—
 'Tis life poor sinners need.
- 3 "Ye must be born again,"
 And life in Christ must have ;
 In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
 'Tis He alone can save.
- 4 "Ye must be born again,"
 Or never enter heaven ;
 'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
 The ransomed and forgiven.

71. ORTONVILLE. C. M. Key Bb.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend ;
 My Prophet, Priest and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End ;
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;

So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

72. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 72.*

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe ;
It will joy and comfort give you—
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name ! O how sweet !
Hope of earth and joy of heaven ;
Precious name ! O how sweet !
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare ;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy Name in prayer.
 - 3 O the precious name of Jesus !
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ !
 - 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.
-

73. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 73.*

IT passeth knowledge ! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

- 2 It passeth *telling* ! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth *praises* ! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.
- 4 But ah ! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here below ;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring.
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill !
- 5 I *am* an empty vessel ! Scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought ;
Yet I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this, the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
“Thou lovest me !”
- 6 O *fill* me, Jesus ! Saviour ! with Thy love.
May woes but drive me to the fount above ;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.
- 7 And when, my Jesus, Thy dear face I see—
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee—
Then of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, and everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

74. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 74. (G. H. 2-63.)*

O TO be nothing, nothing!
 Only to lie at His feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.
 Emptied, that He might fill me,
 As forth to His service I go;
 Broken, that so unhindered
 His life through me might flow.

CHO.—O to be nothing, nothing!
 Only to lie at His feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.

2 O to be nothing, nothing!
 Only as led by His hand;
 A messenger at His gateway,
 Only waiting for His command.
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at His will;
 Willing, should He not require me,
 In silence to wait on Him still.

3 O to be nothing, nothing!
 Painful the humbling may be;
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me,
 That the world might my Saviour see.
 Rather be nothing, nothing!
 To Him let their voices be raised:
 He is the fountain of blessing,
 He only is most to be praised.

75. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 75. (G. H. 2-97.)*

“**A**LMOST persuaded” now to believe;
 “Almost persuaded” Christ to receive;

Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way;
 Some more convenient day
 On Thee I'll call"?

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day ;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away ;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;
 "O wanderer, come!"

3 "Almost persuaded"?—harvest is past !
 "Almost persuaded"?—doom comes at last !
 "Almost" cannot avail ;
 "Almost" is but to fail !
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail,
 "Almost"—but lost !

76. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 76.*

FULLY persuaded ! Lord, I believe !
 Fully persuaded ! Thy Spirit give.
 I will obey Thy call ;
 Low at Thy feet I fall ;
 Now I surrender all,
 Christ to receive.

2 Fully persuaded ! Lord, hear my cry !
 Fully persuaded ! Pass me not by !
 Just as I am, I come ;
 I will no longer roam ;
 O make my heart Thy home ;
 Save, or I die !

3 Fully persuaded--no more opprest ;
 Fully persuaded—now I am blest.

Jesus is now my Guide,
 I will in Christ abide ;
 My soul is satisfied
 In Him to rest !

- 4 Fully persuaded Jesus is mine !
 Fully persuaded, Lord, I am thine !
 O make my love to Thee
 Like Thine own love to me,
 So rich, so full and free,
 Saviour divine !
-

77. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 77. (G. H. 2-113.)*

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief ;
 ||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||

2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,

||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer ! :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight ;

This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize,
 ||: And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

78.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 78.

ONE offer of salvation
 To all the world make known ;
 The only sure foundation
 Is Christ, the Corner Stone.

CHO.—No other name is given,
 No other way is known ;
 'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last—
 He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven
 Stands open wide to-day,
 One sacrifice is given—
 'Tis Christ, the Living Way.

3 My only song and story
 Is—Jesus died for me ;
 My only hope for glory,
 The Cross of Calvary.

79.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 79.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night ;
 O what shall the harvest be ?
 O what shall the harvest be ?

CHO.—||: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, :||
 ||: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, :||

Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah sure will the harvest be !

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil ;

O what shall the harvest be ?

O what shall the harvest be ?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame ;

O what shall the harvest be ?

O what shall the harvest be ?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home ;

O what shall the harvest be ?

O what shall the harvest be ?

80. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 80.*

THREE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look ! look ! look and live !

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 O why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?

- O why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing
 If His dying thy debt has not paid? [blood.]
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
 But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
 On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has de-
 There remainèd no more to be done; [clared
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the work He begun.
- 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives;
 And know with assurance thou never can'st die
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

81. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 81. (G. H. 2-22.)*

- Y**ET there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of
 With its fair glory, beckons thee along; [song,
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now!
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now!
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now!
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
 Make haste, make haste! 'tis not too full for thee:
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
 The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now!

- 6 Pass in, pass in ! That banquet is for thee ;
 That cup of everlasting love is free ;
 Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now !
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy ! Go in, go in ;
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win :
 Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now !
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;
 Come lingerer, come ; enter that festal hall :
 Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now !
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom ;
 Then the last low long cry, " No room, no room !"
 No room, no room ! O woeful cry, " No room ! "

82. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 82. (G. H. 2-132.)*

ONLY an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
 Waiting to follow at the King's command ;
 Marching, if "Onward !" shall the order be,
 Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

CHO.—Hear ye the battle-cry ! " Forward !" the call.
 See ! see the faltering ones ! backward they fall.
 ||: Surely the Captain may depend on me,
 Though but an armor-bearer I may be.:||

- 2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
 Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield ;
 Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
 Ready then to answer, " Master, here am I. "
- 3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
 Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear :
 If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
 Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

83. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 83.*

LIght in the darkness, sailor; day is at hand!
LSee o'er the foaming billows Fair Haven's land.
 Drear was the voyage, sailor; now almost o'er,
 Safe within the life-boat, sailor; pull for the shore.

CHORUS.

- Pull for the shore, sailor; pull for the shore!
 Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar.
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor; cling to self no more.
 Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the
- 2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor; all else will fail. [shore.
 Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale.
 Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they
 roar; [the shore.
 Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for
- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor; uplift the eye!
 Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor; sing evermore;
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

84. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 84.*

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
SIt is not night if Thou be near;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

85. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 85. (G. H. 3-111.)*

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, O leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find.
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make me, keep me, pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

86. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 86. (G. H. 2-111 : 3-110.)*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace.
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.
-

87. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 87. (G. H. 2-125.)*

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free—
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me—

CHO.—Even me, even me.

Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
 Sinful tho' my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
 Let me love and cling to Thee ;
 I am longing for Thy favor ;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
 Thou can'st make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.

- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless ;
 Magnify them all in me.
- 6 Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, O bless me !
-

88. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 88. (G. H. 2-89; 3-113.)*

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of Heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

89. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 89. (G. H. 2-122).*

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin ;
 Each victory will help you some other to win.

Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue :
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you ;
He is willing to aid you :
He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain ;
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain ;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true ;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
- 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown ;
Thro' faith we shall conquer, though often cast down.
He who is our Saviour, our strength will renew ;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
-

90. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 90. (G. H. 2-55.)*

I LEFT it all with Jesus,
Long ago ;
All my sins I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper,
“ ‘Tis for thee,”

||: From my heart the burden
Rolled away—happy day ! ||

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes ;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,

Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile.

||: When my weakness leaneth
On his might, all seems light. :||

3 I leave it all with Jesus,
Day by day ;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast.

||: Love esteems it heaven
To abide at His side. :||

4 O leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul !
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand.

Life and death are waiting
His command ;

||: Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—O come home! :||

91.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 91.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains,

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains ;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash all, &c.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.—And shall, &c.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent, &c.

92. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 92. (G. H. 2-118.)*

O THINK of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light !
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there ;
O think of the home over there !

- 2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod !
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there ;
O think of the friends over there !

- 3 My Saviour is now over there ;
There my kindred and friends are at rest.
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there ;
My Saviour is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there;
I'll soon be at home over there.
-

93. *Tunc—G. H. Combined. No. 93.*

MORE holiness give me,
More strivings within ;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin ;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care ;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord ;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word ;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief ;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome ;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home ;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be ;

More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee !

94. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 94.*

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now ;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow ;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

95. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 95.*

O COME to the Saviour ! believe in His name,
And ask Him your heart to renew ;
He waits to be gracious, O turn not away !
For now there is pardon for you.

CHO.—Yes, there is pardon for you ;
Yes, there is pardon for you ;
For Jesus has died to redeem you,
And offers full pardon to you.

- 2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,
 O why will you longer pursue?
 How can you reject the sweet message of love
 That offers full pardon for you?
- 3 Be warned of your danger, escape to the cross ;
 Your only salvation is there ;
 Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace
 Will answer your penitent prayer.
-

96. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 96. (G. H. 2-123.)*

NOTHING but leaves ! The Spirit grieves
 O'er years of wasted life ;
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
 O'er vows and promises unkept,
 And reap from years of strife—
 Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves !

2 Nothing but leaves ! No gathered sheaves
 Of life's fair ripening grain :
 We sow our seeds ; lo ! tares and weeds !
 Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
 Then reap, with toil and pain,
 Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves !

3 Nothing but leaves ! Sad mem'ry weaves
 No vail to hide the past :
 And as we trace our weary way,
 And count each lost and misspent day,
 We sadly find at last—
 Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves !

4 Ah ! who shall thus the Master meet,
 And bring but withered leaves ?

Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat,
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,
 Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves !

97.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 97.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
 To make up His jewels ;
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His kingdom :
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
 Who love their Redeemer,
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

98.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 98.

“**G**O work in My vineyard ;” there’s plenty to do ;
 The harvest is great, and the lab’rers are few.
 There’s weeding, and fencing, and clearing of roots,
 And plowing, and sowing, and gathering the fruits.
 There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy,
 All ages and ranks I can fully employ :
 I’ve sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed ;
 The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

CHO.—Go work, go work, go work in My vineyard ;
 There's plenty to do ;
 Go work, go work. The harvest is great,
 And the lab'fers are few.

- 2 "Go work in My vineyard ;" I claim thee as Mine ;
 With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine—
 Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
 Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
 I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee—
 The songs of archangels—to hang on the tree !
 In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
 I paid thy full ransom ; My purchase I claim.
- 3 "Go work in My vineyard ;" O work while 'tis day !
 The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,
 And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast ;
 Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
 Begin in the morning and toil all the day ;
 Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay ;
 And blessedèd, thrice blessedèd, the diligent few
 Who'll finish the labor I've given them to do.

99.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 99.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace ;
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my sins lament ;

Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

100.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 100.

MY HEART, that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.

REF.—Peace, sweet peace ;
Peace when the Comforter came !
My heart that was heavy and sad,
Was made to rejoice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had,
When the Comforter came.

2 To sin and to evil inclined,
With darkness pervading my mind,
No rest I could anywhere find,
Till the Comforter came.

3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised ;
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised ;
I was at His mercy amazed,
When the Comforter came.

101.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 101.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
|| Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all. :||

2 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall !
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

102. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 102.*

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim—
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.

103. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 103.*

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy-seat !
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
-

104.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 104.

SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God ;
 When His salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope—
 The bright appearance of the Lord :
 And Faith stands leaning on His word.
-

105.

Tune—RETREAT. L. M. Key C.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat :
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;
 A place—than all besides more sweet—
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend ;
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
 Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

106. *Tune—BENEVENTO.* 7s. 8 lines. Key F.

SINNERs, turn ! Why will ye die?
 God your Maker, asks you why.
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live.
 He the fatal cause demands—
 Asks the work of His own hands :
 Why? ye thankless creatures ! why
 Will ye cross His love, and die ?

2 Sinners, turn ! Why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why.
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why? ye ransomed sinners ! why
 Will ye slight His grace and die ?

3 Sinners, turn ! Why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why.
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 O! ye dying sinners ! why ?—
 Why will ye forever die ?

107. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 107.

THE Lord's my shepherd ! I'll not want ;
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green ; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill ;
 For thou art with me ! and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me ;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling place shall be.

108.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 108.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe !
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly wo :

- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God :
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt :

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this !
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

109.

Tune—AZMON. C. M. Key A.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears,

2 Salvation ! Let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around !
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb !
 To Thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

110. *Tune—ANTIOCH.* C. M. Key F. (G. H. 2-120.)

JOY to the world, the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousess,
 And wonders of His love.

111. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 111. (G. H. 2-35.)*

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sov'reign die ?

Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

112. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 112.*

MY soul, be on thy guard !
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down ;
 The work of faith will not be done
 Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

113. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 113.*

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain ;

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away !
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou did'st bear
 While hanging on the cursèd tree,
 And knows her guilt was there.

114. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 114. (G. H. 3-107.)*

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love !
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers :
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain :
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

115. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 115. (G. H. 3-102.)*

AM I a soldier of the cross—
 A foll'wer of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

116. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 116. (G. H. 2-110: 3-112.)*

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it!
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer!
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love.
 Here's my heart! O take and seal it!
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

117. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 117. (G. H. 2-86: 3-109)*

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary—
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;

- O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart—
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day :
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream—
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove ;
O bear me safe above !
A ransom'd soul.

118.

Tune—BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

NEARER, my God to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky—
 Sun, moon and stars forgot—
 Upward I fly.
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !

119.

Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 119.

ARISE, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;

- The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
||: Before the throne my Surety stands ! :||
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead.
||: His blood atoned for all our race, :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary.
They pour effectual prayers ;
They strongly plead for me.
||: Forgive him, O forgive ! they cry, :||
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear.
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear.
||: With confidence I now draw nigh, :||
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

120.

Tune—“YOUR MISSION.” Key F.

HARK ! the voice of Jesus crying,
“ Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting—
Who will bear the sheaves away ? ”
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee ;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
“ Here am I ! send me, send me ? ”

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer—
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all—
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands:
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
“Feed my lambs,” said Christ, our Shepherd;
“Place the food within their reach.”
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
 " There is nothing I can do."
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task He gives you gladly,
 Let His work your pleasure be ;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 " Here am I ! send me, send me !"

121.

Tune--WEBB. 7s & 6s. Key B₂.

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner !
 It must not suffer loss.
 From victory unto victory
 His army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be ;

He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

122. *Tune—WORK.* Key F. (G. H. 2-112.)

WORK, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
Work, 'mid springing flowers.
Work, when the day grows brighter ;
Work, in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When men's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth—
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

123. *Tune—No. 123.* EVAN. C. M. (G. H. 2-104.)

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“ Come unto Me and rest !

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
 - 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold, I freely give
The living water! Thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
 - 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
 - 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ I am this dark world's light.
Look unto Me! Thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”
 - 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till trav'ling days are done.
-

124.

Tune—BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the smiling of the river—
 Mirror of the Saviour's face—
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river ;
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

125.

40th PSALM. C. M.

- I WAITED for the Lord, my God,
 And patiently did bear ;
 At length to me He did incline,
 My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
 And from the miry clay,
 And on a rock He set my feet,
 Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
 Our God to magnify ;
 Many shall see it, and shall fear,
 And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
 Upon the Lord relies !
 Respecting not the proud, nor such
 As turn aside to lies.

126. *Tune—SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.*
 8s, 7s and 4. Key E.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us ;
 Much we need Thy tend'rest care.
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 ||: Blessed Jesus ! Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :||

- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us ;
 Be the guardian of our way.
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 ||: Blessed Jesus ! Blessed Jesus !
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free.
 ||: Blessed Jesus ! Blessed Jesus !
 We will early turn to Thee. :||

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor ;
 Early let us do Thy will.
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 ||: Blessed Jesus ! Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||

127. *Tune—ZION.* 8s, 7s and 4. Key D.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

||: He is able,

He is willing ; doubt no more. :||

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;

God's free bounty glorify ;

True belief and true repentance—

Every grace that brings you nigh—

||: Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||

3 Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream ;

All the fitness He requireth

Is to feel your need of Him !

||: This He gives you :

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. :||

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,

Bruised and mangled by the fall ;

If you tarry 'till you're better,

You will never come at all.

||: Not the righteous—

Sinners Jesus came to call. :||

128. *Tune—MEAR.* C. M. (G. H. 2-109.)

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers !
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers !
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

129.*Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 21.*

ONCE I was dead in sin,
 And hope within me died ;
 But now I'm dead to sin—
 With Jesus crucified.

CHO.—And can it be that “ He loved me,
 And gave Himself for me ? ”

2 O height I cannot reach !
 O depth I cannot sound !
 O love ! O boundless love,
 In my Redeemer found !

3 O cold, ungrateful heart !
 That can from Jesus turn,
 When living fires of love
 Should on His altar burn.

4 I live ! And yet not I,
 But Christ, that lives in me ;
 Who from the law of sin
 And death hath made me free.

130. *Tune—THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME IN GLORY.*
 P. M. Key C.

IN the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest ;

There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO.—||: There is rest for the weary, :||
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you ;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory !
Shout your triumphs as you go ;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

131. *Tune—BOYLSTON.* S. M. Key C.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see ;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul !
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear.
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

132.*Tune—COME TO JESUS.* Key F.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;

Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now

- 2 He will save you, etc.
 - 3 He is able, etc.
 - 4 He is willing, etc.
 - 5 He is waiting, etc.
 - 6 He will hear you, etc.
 - 7 He will cleanse you, etc.
 - 8 He'll renew you, etc.
 - 9 He'll forgive you, etc.
 - 10 If you trust him, etc.
 - 11 He will save you, etc.
-

133. *Tune—HAPPY DAY.* L. M. (G. H. 2-101.)

OHAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !

I am my Lord's, and He is mine.

He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart !

Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;

Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

- 4 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.
-

134. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 134. (G. H. 2-1.)*

COME, sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world around,
The year of jubilee.

CHO.—Salvation, salvation,
The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation, salvation,
Through Christ our Lord and King.

- 2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!
- 3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above!
-

135. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 135. (G. H. 2-2.)*

ONWARD! upward! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheathe thy sword;
Let its blade be sharp for conquest
In the battle for the Lord.
From the great white throne eternal
God Himself is looking down;

- ||: He it is who now commands thee,
 Take the cross and win the crown. :||
- 2 Onward ! upward ! doing, daring
 All for Him who died for thee ;
Face the foe and meet with boldness
 Danger, whatsoe'er it be.
From the battlements of glory,
 Holy ones are looking down,
||: Thou canst almost hear them shouting :
 "On ! let no one take thy crown." :||
- 3 Onward ! till thy course is finished,
 Like the ransomed ones before:
Keep the faith thro' persecution ;
 Never give the battle o'er.
Onward ! upward ! till, victorious,
 Thou shalt lay thy armor down,
||: And thy loving Saviour bids thee
 At His hand receive thy crown. :||

136. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 136. (G. H. 2-3.)*

MORE love to Thee, O Christ !
More love to Thee ;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea :
More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best.

This all my prayer shall be :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee!
 More love to Thee!
 More love to Thee!

- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain ;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise ;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise ;
 This still its prayer shall be :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !

137. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 137. (G. H. 2-4.)*

THINE, most gracious Lord,
 O make me wholly Thine !
 Thine in thought, in word, and deed,
 For Thou, O Christ, art mine.

REF.—Wholly Thine, wholly Thine ;
 Thou hast bought me, I am Thine.
 Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine ;
 Make me wholly Thine.

2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,
 To go when Thou dost call ;

Thine to yield my very self
In all things, great and small.

3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
In every passing hour;
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,
As Thou dost grant the power.

4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt :
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.

5 Thine, Lord, wholly thine,
Forever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love—
Abiding, sure and free.

138. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 138. (G. H. 2-5.)*

I AM Thine, O Lord ! I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise, in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died ;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy Throne I spend !
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
 Till I cross the narrow sea ;
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.
-

139. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 139. (G. H. 2-6.)*

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus !
 I've His gracious promise heard—
 “ I shall never be confounded,”
 I am trusting in that word.

CHO.—I am trusting, fully trusting,
 Sweetly trusting in His word.
 I am trusting, fully trusting,
 Sweetly trusting in his word.

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus !
 He doth wash me in His blood.
 He will keep me pure and holy ;
 He will bring me home to God.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus !
 Rests my weary soul on Him ;
 Tho' my way be hid in darkness,
 Never can His light grow dim.

4 All my joys I give to Jesus !
 He is all I want of bliss ;
 He of all the worlds is master—
 He is all I need in this.

5 All I am I give to Jesus !
 All my body, all my soul ;
 All I have and all I hope for
 While eternal ages roll.

140. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 140. (G. H. 2-7.)*

“**M**AN of Sorrows”! What a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruin’d sinners to reclaim!

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He.
“Full atonement!” Can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was He to die.
“It is finished!” was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high.
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we’ll sing—
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

141. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 141. (G. H. 2-8.)*

JESUS shall reign where’er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head.
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

142. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 142. (G. H. 2-9.)

MY song shall be of Jesus,
 His mercy crowns my days ;
 He fills my cup with blessings,
 And tunes my heart to praise.
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 The precious Lamb of God,
 Who gave Himself my ransom,
 And bought me with His blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,
 When, sitting at His feet,
 I call to mind His goodness,
 In meditation sweet.
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 Whatever ill betide ;
 I'll sing the grace that saves me,
 And keeps me at His side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus,
 While pressing on my way
 To reach the blissful region
 Of pure and perfect day.
 And when my soul shall enter
 The gate of Eden fair,

A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing forever there.

143. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 143. (G. H. 2-10.)*

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon and night, to pray?
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

CHO.—Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,
Tho' as captives here "a little while" ye stay?
For the coming of the King in His glory,
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver—
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage!
Your great deliv'rance sweetly sing:
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

144. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 144. (G. H. 2-11.)*

ONLY a step to Jesus! Then why not take it now?
Come, and thy sin confessing, to Him thy Saviour bow.

REF.—Only a step, only a step;
Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing.
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

2 Only a step to Jesus! Believe, and thou shalt live;
Lovingly now He's waiting, and ready to forgive.

- 3 Only a step to Jesus ! a step from sin to grace ;
What has thy heart decided ? the moments fly apace.
- 4 Only a step to Jesus ! Why not come and say,
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour, I give myself away ?
-

145. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 145. (G. H. 2-12.)*

TO the work ! to the work ! we are servants of
God ;

Let us follow the path that our Master has trod ;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

CHO.—Toiling on (toiling on), toiling on (toiling on),
Toiling on (toiling on), toiling on (toiling on),
Let us hope (and trust), let us watch (and pray),
And labor till the Master comes.

- 2 To the work ! to the work ! let the hungry be fed ;
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be led ;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, “*Salvation is free !*”
- 3 To the work ! to the work ! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall ;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, “*Salvation is free !*”
- 4 To the work ! to the work ! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward ;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransom’d, “*Salvation is free !*”
-

146. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 146. (G. H. 2-13.)*

SUFF'RING Saviour, with thorn-crown,
Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down ;

Heavy laden, weary, worn,
Fainting, dying, crush'd and torn—
All for me ! yes, all for me.

2 Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild,
Let me ever be Thy child ;
So unworthy though I be,
Thou didst suffer this for me—
All for me ! yes, all for me.

3 Fain would I to Thee be brought ;
Blessed Lord, forbid it not.
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give Thy wandering child a place.
O bless me ! yes, even me.

147. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 147. (G. H. 2-14.)*

THE sands of time are sinking, the dawn of heaven
breaks ;

The summer morn I've sighed for—the fair, sweet
morn, awakes. [at hand,

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but day-spring is
And glory ! glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land !

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven, 'gainst storm and
wind and tide ;

Now, like a weary trav'ler, that leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening, while sinks life's lin-
gering sand,

I hail the glory dawning from Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters cross'd life's pathway, the hedge of
thorns was sharp ; [harp !

Now these lie all behind me—O for a well tuned
O ! to join the hallelujah with yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth, in Immanuel's land.

148. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 148. (G. H. 2-15.)*

DARK is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar ;

Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge ?

Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er.

CHO.—With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds
above me roll,

And the billows in their fury dash around me ;
I can brave the wildest storm with His glory in
my soul,

I can sing amid the tempest, Praise the Lord !

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise.

He will go with me o'er the troubled wave ;

Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty One, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo ! the day is breaking.

Onward, my bark ! unfurl thy every sail !

Now at the helm I see my Father standing ;
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

149. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 149. (G. H. 2-12,)*

LO ! the day of God is breaking ;

See the gleaming from afar !

Sons of earth from slumber waking,

Hail the bright and Morning Star.

CHO.—Hear the call ! O gird your armor on !

Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword ;

Take the helmet of salvation,

Pressing on to battle for the Lord.

2 Trust in Him who is your Captain ;

Let no heart in terror quail ;

Jesus leads the gath'ring legions ;

In His name we shall prevail.

- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
 Faint not, fear not Satan's frown ;
 For the Lord is with you always,
 Till you wear the victor's crown.
- 4 Conq'ring hosts with banners waving,
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
 "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

150. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 150. (G. H. 2-17.)*

HO! reapers of life's harvest, why stand with
 rusted blade [fade?

Until the night draws round thee, and day begins to
 Why stand ye idle, waiting for reapers more to come ?
 The golden morn is passing ! why sit ye idle, dumb ?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle, and gather in the
 grain ; [again.

The night is fast approaching, and soon will come
 The Master calls for reapers, and shall He call in
 vain ? [the plain ?

Shall sheaves lie there ungathered and waste upon

3 Come down from hill and mountain in morning's
 ruddy glow,

Nor wait until the dial points to the noon below ;
 And come with stronger sinew, nor faint in heat or
 cold ; [wealth of gold.

And pause not till the evening draws round its

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom, and crush each
 error low ; [should know.

Keep back no words of knowledge that human hearts
 Be faithful to thy mission, in service of thy Lord ;
 And then a golden chaplet shall be thy just reward.

151. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 151. (G. H. 2-18.)

- I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
 A secret balm for pain ;
 A beautiful to-morrow
 Of sunshine after rain.
 I've found a branch of healing
 Near every bitter spring,
 A whispered promise, stealing
 O'er every broken string. :||
- 2 I've found a glad hosanna
 For every woe and wail ;
 A handful of sweet manna,
 When grapes of Eschol fail.
 I've found a Rock of Ages
 When desert wells are dry ;
 And after weary stages,
 I've found an Elim nigh. :||
- 3 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains and its shade ;
 A blessing in its fulness,
 When buds of promise fade.
 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light ;
 A glory and fruition,
 So near !—yet out of sight. :||
- 4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
 I have the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing,
 The sunshine and the psalm ;
 The promise for the fearful,
 The Elim for the faint ;
 The rainbow for the fearful,
 The glory for the saint. :||

152. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 152. (G. H. 2-19.)*

I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are ;
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear and toil and care.

REF.—||: There'll be no parting, :||
There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns ;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.
- 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.
- 4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet ;
The harps, the songs, forever ours,
The walks, the golden streets.
- 5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair ;
O how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there !

153. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 153. (G. H. 2-20.)*

“**C**ALL them in”—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold ;
Peace and pardon freely offer.
Can you weigh their worth with gold ?
“Call them in”—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin ;

- Bid them come and rest in Jesus ;
 He is waiting—"call them in."
- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile ;
 Bid the stranger to the feast.
 "Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least.
 Forth the Father runs to meet them !
 He hath all their sorrows seen ;
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
 Wait the lost ones—"call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
 Slumbering, sleeping on death's brink ;
 Nought of life are they possessors,
 Yet of safety vainly think.
 Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
 Pleasure-seekers of the earth ;
 Tell of God's most gracious offers,
 And of Jesus' priceless worth.
- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame.
 Speak Love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came!
 See, the shadows lengthen round us !
 Soon the day-dawn will begin ;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely ?
Christ is coming !—"call them in."

154. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 154. (G. H. 2-23: 3-116.)*

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
 Of grace so full and free ;
 I love to hear it more and more,
 Since grace has rescued me.

- CHO.—The half was never told,
 The half was never told ;
 Of grace divine, so wonderful,
 The half was never told.
- 2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
 Nor found my soul its rest
 Until the sweet-voiced angel came
 To soothe my weary breast.
- 3 My highest place is lying low
 At my Redeemer's feet ;
 No real *joy* in life I know,
 But in His service sweet.
- 4 And O what rapture will it be,
 With all the host above
 To sing, through all eternity,
 The wonders of His *love* !

155. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 155. (G. H. 2-24.)*

O WHERE are the reapers, that garner in
 The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin ;
 With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 And no one may rest till the “harvest home.”

CHO.—Where are the reapers? O who will come
 And share in the glory of the “harvest home?”
 O who will help us to garner in
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all ;
 The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall.
 Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 But gather from all for the home on high.
- 3 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest tide ;

But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

- 4 So, come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain ;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the “harvest home.”
-

156. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 156. (G. H. 2-25.)

I BRING my sins to Thee—

The sins I cannot count :

That all may cleanséd be

In Thy once opened Fount,

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee ;

||:The burden is too great for me. :||

2 I bring my grief to Thee—

The grief I cannot tell.

No words shall needed be,

Thou knowest all so well.

I bring the sorrow laid on me,

||:O suffering Saviour ! all to Thee. :||

3 My joys to Thee I bring--

The joys Thy love has given ;

That each may be a wing

To lift me nearer heaven.

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,

||:Who hast procured them all for me. :||

4 My life I bring to Thee—

I would not be my own.

O Saviour ! let me be

Thine ever, Thine alone !

My heart, my life, my all I bring

||:To Thee, my Saviour and my King. :||

157. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 157. (G. H. 2-26.)*

IHAVE heard of a Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be ;
But did He come down from above
Out of love and compassion for me, for me ?
Out of love and compassion for me ?

CHO.—Yes, yes, yes ; for me, for me ;
Yes, yes, yes, for me.

Our Lord from above, in His infinite love,
On the cross died to save you and me.

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languish'd and died on the tree ;
But then, is it anywhere said
That he languish'd and suffered for me, for me ?
That he languish'd and suffered for me ?

3 I've been told of a heav'n on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see ;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me, for me ?
Made ready and furnished for me ?

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine !
To whom shall I go but to Thee ?
And say, by Thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me, for me ;
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

158. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 158. (G. H. 2-88.)*

STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few !
All hail to Daniel's Band !

CHO.—Dare to be Daniel !
 Dare to stand alone !
 Dare to have a purpose firm !
 Dare to make it known !

- 2 Many mighty men are lost,
 Daring not to stand,
 Who for God had been a host,
 By joining Daniel's Band.
 - 3 Many giants great and tall,
 Stalking thro' the land,
 Headlong to the earth would fall,
 If met by Daniel's Band.
 - 4 Hold the gospel banner high !
 On to vict'ry grand !
 Satan and his host defy,
 And shout for Daniel's Band.
-

159. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 159. (G. H. 2-90.)*

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us, O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 Ever faithful, ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey ;
 May we ever, may we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

160. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 160. (G. H. 2-28.)*

AT the feet of Jesus, list'ning to His word,
 Learning wisdom's lesson from her loving Lord,
 Mary, led by heav'nly grace,
 Chose the meek disciple's place.
 At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
 There a humble *learner* would I choose to be.

2 At the feet of Jesus, pouring perfume rare,
 Mary did her Saviour for the grave prepare ;
 And, from love the "good work" done,
 She her Lord's approval won.
 At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
 There in sweetest *service* would I ever be.

3 At the feet of Jesus, in that morning hour,
 Loving hearts receiving resurrection power,
 Haste with joy to preach the word :
 "Christ is risen, praise the Lord!"
 At the feet of Jesus risen now for me,
 I shall sing His *praises* through eternity.

161. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 161. (G. H. 2-29.)*

O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
 O for the faith to grasp "heaven's bright forever,"
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the storm and wrestle with the strong ;

- “A little while” to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
- 3 “A little while” the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 4 “A little while” to keep the oil from failing,
“A little while” faith’s flickering lamp to trim ;
And then the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps hailing,
We’ll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.
-

162. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 162. (G. H. 2-30.)*

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus’ name.

CHO.—On Christ, the solid rock, I stand—
||: All other ground is sinking sand. :||

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found !
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !

163. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 163. (G. H. 2-31.)*

NOW just a word for Jesus,
Your dearest Friend so true!
Come, cheer our hearts, and tell us
What He has done for you.

REF.—Now just a word for Jesus ;
'Twill help us on our way.
One little word for Jesus,
O speak, or sing, or pray !

2 Now just a word for Jesus !
You feel your sins forgiven,
And by His grace are striving
To reach a home in heaven.

3 Now just a word for Jesus !
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour,
Who gave His life for me.

4 Now just a word for Jesus !
Let not the time be lost ;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow, to its cost.

5 Now just a word for Jesus !
And if your faith be dim,
Arise, in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.

164. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 164. (G. H. 2-37.)*

LOOK away to Jesus, soul by woe oppress'd.
'Twas for thee He suffer'd ; come to Him and rest.
All thy griefs He carried, all thy sins He bore ;
Look away to Jesus—trust Him evermore.

- 2 Look away to Jesus, soldier in the fight;
 When the battle thickens, keep thine armor bright.
 Though thy foes be many, tho' thy strength be
 Look away to Jesus—He shall conquer all. [small]
- 3 Look away to Jesus, when the skies are fair;
 Calm seas have their dangers; mariner, beware!
 Earthly joys are fleeting, going as they came;
 Look away to Jesus—evermore the same.
- 4 Look away to Jesus, 'mid the toil and heat;
 Soon will come the resting at the Master's feet;
 For the guests are bidden, and the feast is spread;
 Look away to Jesus—in His footsteps tread.
- 5 When, amid the music of the endless feast,
 Saints will sing His praises, thine shall not be least;
 Then, amid the glories of the crystal sea,
 Look away to Jesus through eternity.

165. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 165. (G. H. 2-33.)*

SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting thro' a stormy way;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus—that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by;
 Trusting Him whate'er befall,
 Trusting Jesus—that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine;
 While He leads I cannot fall,
 Trusting Jesus—that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear;
 Praying, if the path is drear;

If in danger, for Him call ;
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last ;
Trusting Him till earth is past ;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.
-

166. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 166. (G. H. 2-34.)*

WE'RE marching to Canaan with banner and song,

We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong;
But, lest in the conflict our strength should divide,
We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side ?

CHO.—O ! who is there among us, the true and the tried, [side?
Who'll stand by his colors?—who's on the Lord's
Who, who is there among us, the true and the tried,
Who'll stand by his colors?—who's on the Lord's
side ?

2 The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light ;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,
While lips are professing, “ I'm on the Lord's side.”

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God ?
O bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride !
O haste, while He's waiting, and seek the Lord's
side !

4 O heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong !
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song ;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, “ *I'm on the Lord's side !* ”

167. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 167. (G. H. I-III : 2-35.)*

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
 And ever faithful be ;
 And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
 O Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 Whilst His dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away !
 'Tis all that I can do.

168. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 168. (G. H. 2-26.)*

OUR lamps are trimm'd and burning, our robes
 are white and clean ; [enter in ?]
 We've tarried for the Bridegroom ; O ! may we

We know we've nothing worthy that we can call
our own— [Him alone.

The light, the oil, the robes we wear, are all from

CHO.—Behold the Bridegroom cometh !

And all may enter in,
Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning,
Whose robes are white and clean.

2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him ! the way is open
now ; [brow.

All lighted with the glory that's streaming from His
Accept the invitation, beyond deserving kind ;
Make no delay, but take your lamps, and joy eter-
nal find.

3 We see the marriage splendor, within the open door ;
We know that those who enter are blest for ever-
more.

We see He is more lovely than all the sons of men ;
But still we know the doors, once shut, will never
ope again.

169. Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 169. (G. H. 2-39.)

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul.
Break down every idol, cast out every foe ;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow ! yes, whiter than snow !
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

2 Lord, Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ; [skies,
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 3 Lord, Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing ; I see Thy blood flow—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,
- 4 Lord, Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait ;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create. [no ;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
-

170. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 170. (G. H. 2-51.)*

FRESH from the throne of glory, bright in its crystal gleam, [stream.

Bursts out the living fountain, swells on the living : Blessed River ! let me ever feast my eyes on thee. :|

2 Stream full of life and gladness, spring of all health and peace, [cease.

No harps by thee hang silent, nor happy voices : Tranquil River ! let me ever sit and sing by thee. :|

3 River of God I greet thee, not now afar, but near ; My soul to thy still waters hastes, in its thirstings here.

: Holy River ! let me ever, drink of only thee. :|

171. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 171. (G. H. 2-41.)*

IN Zion's Rock abiding,
 My soul her triumph sings ;
 In His pavilion hiding,

I praise the King of kings,

CHO.—My High Tower is He !

To Him will I flee.

In Him confide, in Him abide ;
 My High Tower is He !

2 Wild waves are round me swelling !
 Dark clouds above I see !
 Yet, in my Fortress dwelling,
 More safe I cannot be.

3 My Tower of strength can never
 In time of trouble fail ;
 No power of hell, forever,
 Against it shall prevail.

172. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 172. (G. H. 2-42.)*

I STOOD outside the gate, a poor wayfaring child ;
 Within my heart there beat a tempest, loud and wild.

A fear oppressed my soul, that I might be *too late* ;
 And O ! I trembled sore, ||: and prayed outside the gate. :||

2 "O Mercy !" loud I cried, " now give me rest from sin !"

" I will," a voice replied ; and Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds, and soothed my heart oppressed ; [rest. :||

She washed away my guilt, ||: and gave me peace and

3 In Mercy's guise I knew the Saviour, long abused,
 Who often sought my heart, and wept when I refused ;

O what a blest return for all my years of sin !

I stood outside the gate, ||: and Jesus let me in. :||

173. *Tune—G. H. Com. No. 173. (G. H. 2-43.)*

O SPIRIT o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears !
 Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears ;

Weak faith, to thy call seem the heavens only dumb?
To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."

CHO.—Hold fast till I come,
Hold fast till I come;
A bright crown awaits thee!
Hold fast till I come.

- 2 Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin;
Hold fast when the tempter assails from within—
In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss.
To falter were madness; O cling to the cross!
- 3 Thy Saviour is coming in tenderest love,
To make up His jewels and bear them above;
O child! in thine anguish, despairing or dumb,
Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."
-

174. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 174. (G. H. 2-44.)*

L ET us gather up the sunbeams,
L YING all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

CHO.—Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness.
For our reaping by and by.

- 2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!

Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air !

- 3 If we knew the baby fingers
 Prest against the window-pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?—
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
 For our reaping by and by!

175. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 175. (G. H. 2-45.)*

O NWARD, Christian soldiers! marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Christ the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle, see, His banners go!

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army moves the church of God.
 Brothers! we are treading where the saints have
 We are not divided; all one body we— [trod!
 One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and
 But the church of Jesus constant will remain. [wane,
 Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people ! join the happy throng ;
 Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph song.
 Glory, laud and honor, unto Christ the King !
 This, thro' countless ages, men and angels sing.
-

176. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 176. (G. H. 2-46.)*

THOU my everlasting portion—
 More than friend or life to me—
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

2 Not for ease or wordly pleasure,
 Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.

3 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;
 Then the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 Then the gate of life eternal,
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

177. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 177. (G. H. 2-47.)*

TENDERLY the Shepherd, o'er the mountains
Goes to bring his lost one back to the fold. [cold,
CHO.—Seeking to save, seeking to save;
 Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.
 Seeking to save, seeking to save;
 Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.

2 Patiently the owner seeks with earnest care,
 In the dust and darkness, her treasure rare.

3 Lovingly the Father sends the news around:
 “ He once dead now liveth ! once lost is found ! ”

178. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 178. (G. H. 2-48.)*

I AM now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood ;
I am watching and I'm longing while I wait.
 Soon on wings of love I'll fly
 To my home beyond the sky—
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate.

REF.—In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Wash'd from every stain I am ;
 Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness,
 I am sweeping through the gates.

2 O ! the blessed Lord of light,
 He upholds me by His might,
And His arms enfold and comfort while I wait.
 I am leaning on His breast,
 O the sweetness of His rest !
Hallelujah ! I am sweeping through the gates.

3 I am sweeping thro' the gate
 Where the blessed for me wait ;
Where the weary workers rest for evermore.

Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won ;
O the glory of the city just before !

4 Burst are all my prison bars,
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo ! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes ;
Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

179. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 179. (G. H. 2-49.)

FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!

Break every tender tie,

Jesus is mine !

Dark is the wilderness,

Earth has no resting place ;

Jesus alone can bless,

Jesus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away,

Jesus is mine !

Here would I ever stay,

Jesus is mine !

Perishing things of clay,

Born but for one brief day,

Pass from my heart away,

Jesus is mine !

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,

Jesus is mine !

Lost in this dawning light,

Jesus is mine !

All that my soul has tried
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

- 4 Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, O lov'd and blest !
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine !
-

180. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 180. (G. H. 2-50.)*

H ALLELUJAH, He is risen !
 Jesus is gone up on high !

Burst the bars of death asunder !
 Angels shout and men reply :

||: He is risen, He is risen,
 Living now no more to die. :||

2 Hallelujah, He is risen !

Our exalted Head to be ;
 Sends the witness of the Spirit,
 That our Advocate is He.

||: He is risen, He is risen,
 Justified in Him are we. :||

3 Hallelujah, He is risen !

Death for aye hath lost his sting.
 Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
 From the grave His own will bring,
 ||: He is risen, He is risen,
 Living Lord and coming King. :||

181. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 181. (G. H. 2-53.)*

OCROWN of rejoicing that's waiting for me,
When finished my course, and when Jesus I see !
And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
word,
“ Receive, faithful servant, the joy of thy Lord.”
CHO.—O crown of rejoicing ! O wonderful song !
O joy everlasting ! O glorified throng !
O beautiful home ! My home can it be ?
O glory reserv'd for me !

2 O wonderful song that in glory I'll sing,
To Him who redeemed me, to Jesus, my King !
All the glory and honor to Him shall be given,
And praises unceasing forever in heaven.

3 O joy everlasting when heaven is won,
Forever in glory to shine as the sun !
No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee away ;
No night there ! no shadows ! 'tis one endless day.

4 O wonderful name which the glorified bear,
The new name which Jesus bestows on us there !
“ To him that o'ercometh ” 'twill only be given—
Blest sign of approval, our welcome to heaven.

182. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 182. (G. H. 2-54.)*

WHILE foes are strong and danger near,
A voice falls gently on my ear.
My Saviour speaks ; He says to me,
That “ as my days my strength shall be.”

CHO.—His word a tower to which I flee,
For “ as my days my strength shall be.”
His word a tower to which I flee,
For “ as my days my strength shall be.”

- 2 With such a promise, need I fear
 For all that now I hold most dear ?
 No ! I will never anxious be,
 For "as my days my strength shall be."
- 3 And when at last I'm called to die,
 Still on Thy promise I'll rely ;
 Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
 That "as my days my strength shall be."

183. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 183. (G. H. 2-56.)

In the silent midnight watches,
 List ! thy bosom's door,
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore !
 Say not 'tis thy pulses beating,
 'Tis thy heart of sin ;
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 "Rise, and let me in !"

- 2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps,
 To the hall and hut ;
 Think you Death will tarry knocking
 When the door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;
 But the door is fast.
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
 Death breaks in at last.
- 3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou guilty creature,
 Has thou then forgot ?

Jesus waited long to know thee—
Now He knows thee not.

184. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 184. (G. H. 2-58.)

WE shall sleep, but not forever;
There will be a glorious dawn !
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn !
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

CHO.—We shall sleep, but not forever ;
There will be a glorious dawn.
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn !

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we 'tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How are aching hearts despair !
'Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flow'r we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave ;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave .
In the bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come !
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to home, sweet home.

185. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 185. (G. H. 2-81.)*

WATCHMAN! tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?

Have the signs that mark His coming

Yet upon my pathway shone?

Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee,

Light is breaking in the skies.

Spurn the unbelief that bound thee;

Morning dawns; arise, arise!

2 See the glorious light ascending

Of the grand Sabbath year.

Hark! the voices loud proclaiming

The Messiah's kingdom near.

Watchman! yes, I see just yonder

Canaan's glorious heights arise;

Salem, too, appears in grandeur,

Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim! in that golden city,

Seated in the jasper throne,

Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,

Reigns in peace from zone to zone.

There, on verdant hills and mountains,

Where the golden sunbeams play,

Purling streams and crystal fountains

Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming

Brighter still upon thy way;

Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming—

Omens of the coming day

When the last loud trumpet sounding

Shall awake, from earth to sea,

All the saints of God now sleeping,

Clad in immortality.

186. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 186. (G. H. 2-60.)

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

CHO.—Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
Happy on the golden strand ;
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band :
||: Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land. :||

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came :
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

187. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 187. (G. H. 2-61.)

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run ;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

CHO.—O come, angel band !
Come and around me stand.
||: O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home ! :||

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks—
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home ;
 My spirit loudly sings ;
 The holy ones, behold they come !
 I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to Him
 Who bled and died for me !
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.

188. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 188. (G. H. '2-62.)*

THOU didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly
 When Thou camest to earth for me ; [crown,
 But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
 For Thy holy nativity.

REF.—O come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
 There is room in my heart for Thee.
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come !
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang
 Of Thy birth and Thy royal decree ;
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
 And in greatest humility.

3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests
 In the shade of the cedar tree ;
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy living word,
 That should set Thy people free ; [thorn,
 But with mocking and scorn, and with crown of
 Did they bear Thee to Calvary.

5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
 At Thy coming to victory ;

Thou wilt call me home, saying " yet there is room,"
There is room at my side for thee.

189. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 189. (G. H. 2-98.)*

"**H**OME at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved! by life's fair-flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

REF.—"Home, sweet home," our home forever;
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home to wander never;
Saved through Jesus! "Saved at last!"

- 2 Free at last from all temptation;
No more need of watchful care.
Joyful, in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.
- 3 Saved! to greet on hills of glory
Loved ones we have missed so long.
Saved! to tell the sinner's story.
Saved! to sing redemption's song.
- 4 Welcomed at the pearly portal—
Evermore a welcomed guest;
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.

190. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 190. (G. H. 2-64.)*

THE mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

CHO.—I know I am weak and sinful—
It comes to me more and more;

But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,
I'll enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him ;

I am weakest of those who pray—

But I come as He has bidden,

And He will not say me nay.

3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,

My sins He will wash away,

And the feet that shrink and falter

Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,

And my spirit is sick with sin,

And I scarce can see for weeping—

But the Saviour will let me in.

191. Tune—*G. H. Combined.* No. 191. (G. H. 2-68.)

COME, for the feast is spread ;
Hark to the call !

Come to the Living Bread,
Broken for all.

Come to His house of wine,
Low on His breast recline,
All that He has is thine—
Come, sinner, come.

2 Come where the fountain flows—

River of life—

Healing for all thy woes,
Doubting and strife.

Millions have been supplied ;
No one was e'er denied ;
Come to the crimson tide—
Come, sinner, come.

- 3 Come to the throne of grace,
 Boldly draw near ;
 He who would win the race
 Must tarry here.
 Whate'er thy want may be,
 Here is the grace for thee,
 Jesus thy only plea—
 Come, Christian, come.
- 4 Come to the better land,
 Pilgrim, make haste !
 Earth is a foreign strand—
 Wilderness waste !
 Here are the harps of gold,
 Here are the joys untold,
 Crowns for the young and old—
 Come, pilgrim, come.
- 5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
 O take us in !
 Set Thou our spirits free ;
 Cleanse us from sin !
 Then, in yon land of light,
 Clothed in our robes of white,
 Resting not day nor night,
 Thee will we sing.

192. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 192. (G. H. 2-66.)*

O NE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er—
 I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
 Than I have been before.

CHO.—Nearer my home, nearer my home,
 Nearer my home, to-day, to-day,
 Than I have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
 Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where burdens are laid down ;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
 And nearer to the crown.
- 4 Be near me when my feet
 Are slipping o'er the brink ;
For I am nearer home to-day,
 Perhaps, than now I think.

193. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 193. (G. H. 2-69.)

- J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide
 Till the storm of life is past !
Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make me, keep me, pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.
-

194. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 194. (G. H. 270.)*

O WHAT are you going to do, brother ?
 Say, what are you going to do ?
 You have thought of some useful labor,
 But what is the end in view ?
 You are fresh from the home of your boyhood,
 And just in the bloom of youth !
 Have you tasted the sparkling water
 That flows from the fount of Truth ?

CHO.—Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping ?
 Remember, He died for you !
 Then what are you going to do, brother ?
 Say, what are you going to do ?

- 2 O what are you going to do, brother ?
 The morning of youth is past ;
 The vigor and strength of manhood,
 My brother, are yours at last :

You are rising in worldly prospects,
 And prospered in worldly things ;
 A duty to those less favored,
 The smile of your fortune brings.

CHO.—Go, prove that your heart is grateful ;
 The Lord has a work for you !
 Then, &c.

3 O what are you going to do, brother ?
 Your sun at its noon is high ;
 It shines in meridian splendor,
 And rides through a cloudless sky.
 You are holding a high position
 Of honor, and trust, and fame :
 Are you willing to give the glory
 And praise to your Saviour's name ?

CHO.—The regions that sit in darkness
 Are stretching their hands to you !
 Then, &c.

4 O what are you going to do, brother ?
 The twilight approaches now ;
 Already your locks are silvered,
 And winter is on your brow.
 Your talents, your time, your riches,
 To Jesus, your Master, give ;
 Then ask if the world around you
 Is better because you live.

CHO.—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
 But still there is work for you !
 Then, &c.

195. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 195. (G. H. 2-71.)*

A RT thou weary ? art thou languid ?
 Art thou sore distress'd ?

“ Come to Me,” saith One, “ and coming,
Be at rest.”

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?

“ In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?

“ Yes, a crown in very surety—
But of thorns!”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?

“ Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

“ Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

“ Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.” AMEN.

196. Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 196. (G. H. 2-72.)

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing com-
plete.
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.—O come to this valley of blessing so sweet!
Where Jesus will fulness bestow;
And believe, and receive, and confess Him,
That all His salvation may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart ;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous faces we bow at His feet,
Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain !

197. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 197. (G. H. 2-85.)*

COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-
guish ;
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love. Come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can remove.

198. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 198. (G. H. 2-74.)*

LIFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,
Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice !

The kingdoms of the earth are bringing
Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice !

CHO.—Arise and shine in youth immortal !
Thy light is come, thy King appears !
Beyond the century's swinging portal
Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years.

2 And shall His flock with strife be riven ?

Shall envious lines His church divide,
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim His bride ?

3 Lift up the gates ! bring forth oblations !

One crowned with crowns a message brings ;
His word a sword to smite the nations ;
His name, the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He comes ! let all the earth adore Him ;

The path His human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
The LIFE of life, the WORD of God !

199. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 199. (G. H. 2-75.)*

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river ?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er ?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore ?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne?

200. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 200. (G. H. 2-76.)

WHEN peace like a river attendeth my way,
 When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
 Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHO.—It is well with my soul,
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
 Let this blest assurance control, [come,
 That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
 And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin! O the bliss of this glorious thought!
 My sin—not in part, but the whole—
 Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be
 The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, [sight,
 The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend.
 “Even so!”—it is well with my soul.

201. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 201. (G. H. 2-77.)

ALL glory to Jesus be given,
 That life and salvation are free;

And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus is mighty to save
And all His salvation may know ;
On his bosom I lean,
And His blood makes me clean,
For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

- 2 From darkness and sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love
He has brought me, and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.
 - 3 O the rapturous heights of His love !
The measureless depths of His grace !
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.
 - 4 In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely His blood is applied—
His blood, that makes whiter than snow.
-

202. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 202. (G. H. 2-78.)*

O WHAT shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul !
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.
What shall I do ? what shall I do ?
O what shall I do to be saved ?

- 2 O what shall I do to be saved
When the pleasures of youth are all fled,
And the friends I have loved
From the earth are removed,

And I weep o'er the graves of the dead ?

What shall I do ? what shall I do ?

O what shall I do to be saved ?

3 O what shall I do to be saved

When sickness my strength shall subdue ?

Or the world in a day,

Like a cloud rolls away,

And eternity opens to view ?

What shall I do ? what shall I do ?

O what shall I do to be saved ?

4 O Lord, look in mercy on me !

Come, O come and speak peace to my soul.

Unto whom shall I flee,

Dearest Lord, but to Thee ?

Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.

That will I do ! that will I do !— .

To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

203. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 203. (G. H. 2-79.)*

O THE clanging bells of Time !

Night and day they never cease.

We are wearied with their chime,

For they do not bring us peace ;

And we hush our breath to hear,

And we strain our eyes to see,

If thy shores are drawing near—

Eternity ! Eternity !

2 O the clanging bells of Time !

How their changes rise and fall ;

But, in undertone sublime,

Sounding clearly through them all,

Is a voice that must be heard,
 As our moments onward flee,
 And it speaketh aye one word—
 Eternity ! Eternity !

3 O the clanging bells of Time !
 To their voices loud and low,
 In a long, unresting line,
 We are marching to and fro ;
 And we yearn for sight or sound
 Of the light that is to be,
 For thy breath doth wrap us round—
 Eternity ! Eternity !

4 O the clanging bells of Time !
 Soon their notes will all be dumb,
 And in joy and peace sublime,
 We shall feel the silence come ;
 And our souls their thirst will slake,
 And our eyes the King will see,
 When thy glorious morn shall break—
 Eternity ! Eternity !

204. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 204. (G. H. 2-80.)*

THREE'S a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest,

And our spirit shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

- 3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

205. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 205. (G. H. 2-82.)*

O TURN ye! O turn ye! for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt
away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
- 3 The contrite in heart He will freely receive;
O why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come
home.

206. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 206. (G. II. 2-83.)*

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! There's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' pierced feet,
 With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
 And His dear name repeat.
- 4 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
 O resurrection day !
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.
-

207. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 207. (G. H. 2-91.)

THROUGH the valley of the shadow I must go,
 Where the cold waves of Jordan roll ;
 But the promise of my Shepherd will, I know,
 Be the rod and the staff to my soul.
 Even now down the valley as I glide,
 I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow me!"
 And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide,
 There's a light in the valley for me.

CHO.—There's a light in the valley,
 There's a light in the valley,
 There's a light in the valley for me ;
 And no evil will I fear,
 While my Shepherd is so near—
 There's a light in the valley for me.

2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
 As they beat on the turf-bound shore ;
 But the beacon-light of love, so bright and clear,
 Guides my bark, frail and lone, safely o'er.
 I shall find down the valley no alarms,
 For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see ;
 He will bear me in His loving mighty arms—
 There's a light in the valley for me.

208. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 208. (G. H. 2-93.)*

'T IS a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro',
 And our Father's constant blessings fall around us like the dew:
 But its sunshine and its beauty to our hearts no joy can bring,
 Like the splendors that await us in the palace of the King.
 In this goodly pleasant land only strangers now are we,
 For we seek a better country, and 'tis there we long to be;
 Yes, we long to swell the anthem that for evermore shall ring
 From the pure in heart made perfect in the palace of the King.

REF.—O the palace of the King! royal palace of the King!

Where our Father in His mercy all the ransomed ones will bring;
 Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream will pass away,
 And our souls shall dwell forever in the realms of endless day.

2 Our Redeemer is the King; what a sacrifice He made,

When He purchased our redemption, and His blood the ransom paid!

In His cross shall be our glory! to that blessed cross we'll cling,

Till we reach the gates that open to the palace of the King.

We shall see Him by and by, hallelujah to His name!
 Thro' the blood of His atonement, life eternal we may claim;
 We shall cast our crowns before Him and our songs of vict'ry sing,
 When we enter in triumphant to the palace of the King.

209. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 209. (G. H. 2-94.)*

THEY dream'd not of danger, those sinners of old,
 Whom Noah was chosen to warn; [cold—
 By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown
 They laughed his entreaties to scorn:
 Yet daily he called them, "O come, sinners, come!
 Believe, and prepare to embark;
 Receive ye the message, and know there is room
 For all who will come to the Ark."

CHO.—Then come, come; O come!

There's refuge alone in the Ark.

Receive ye the message, and know there is room
 For all who will come to the Ark.

- 2 He could not arouse them; unheeding they stood,
 Unmov'd by his warning and prayer;
 The prophet passed in from the oncoming flood,
 And left them to hopeless despair.
 The floodgates were opened, the deluge came on,
 The heavens as midnight grew dark. [gone:
 Too late, then they turned; ev'ry foothold was
 They perished in sight of the Ark.
- 3 O sinners! the heralds of mercy implore—
 They cry like the patriarch, "Come"—

The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
 O enter while yet there is room !
 The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark overhead ;
 And when by its fury you're tossed,
 Alas ! of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
 "They heard—they refused—and were lost."

210. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 210. (G. H. 2-95.)*

WHEN my final farewell to the world I have said,
 And gladly lie down to my rest ;
 When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
 And fold my pale hands o'er my breast ;
 And when, with my glorified vision at last
 The walls of "that City" I see,
 ||: Will any one then at the beautiful gate
 Be waiting and watching for me ?:||

CHO.—||: Be waiting and watching,
 Be waiting and watching for me ?:||

2 There are little ones glancing about in my path,
 In want of a friend and a guide ;

There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
 Whose tears might be easily dried.
 But Jesus may beckon the children away
 In the midst of their grief and their glee.

||: Will any of them at the beautiful gate
 Be waiting and watching for me ?:||

3 There are old and forsaken who linger awhile
 In homes which their dearest have left ;

And a few gentle words or an action of love
 May cheer their sad spirits bereft.

But the Reaper is near to the long-standing corn—
 The weary will soon be set free.

||: Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

- 4 O ! should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path—
Pray only for self while I live—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
||: Should no one I love at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me! :||

211. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 211. (G. II. 2-107.)*

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

212. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 212. (G. H. 2-108.)*

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found and peace is given ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste ! O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found !
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer ;
 No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste ! O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found !

213. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 213. (G. H. 2-102.)*

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found ;
 Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved :
How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed !

- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come ;
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

214. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 214. (G. II. 2-106.)

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun.
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

215. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 215. (G. H. 2-84.)

FAITH is a living power from heaven
 Which grasps the promise God has given ;
 Securely fixed on Christ alone—
 A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

- 2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
 To save and strengthen, guide and feed.
 Strong in His grace its joys to share ;
 His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
 And bids the mourner's sighing cease ;
 By faith the children's right we claim,
 And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
 And to our prayers Thy favor grant,
 In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
 Who is our fount of health alone.

216. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 216. (G. II. 2-99.)*

- T**IS midnight ; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimm'd that lately shone.
 'Tis midnight ; in the garden now
 The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and, from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;
 Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt,
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
 Yet He who hath in anguish knelt
 Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether-plains
 Is borne a song that angels know ;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

217. *Tune—PRAYER. 7s. Key D. (G. H. 2-119.)*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer.
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin—
 Lord, remove this load of sin !
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest !
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

218. P. M. Key E. (G. H. 2-121.)

THERE'S a beautiful land on high ;
 To its glories I fain would fly
 When, by sorrows pressed down, I long for a crown,
 In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be
 From earth and its cares set free.
 My Jesus is there ! He's gone to prepare
 A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high ;
 I shall enter it by and by :
 There, with friends, hand and hand, I shall walk
 on the strand,
 In that beautiful land on high.

- 3 There's a beautiful land on high ;
 Then why should I fear to die,
 When death is the way to the realms of day,
 In that beautiful land on high ?
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy ;
 Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
 In that beautiful land on high.
- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And though here I oft weep and sigh,
 My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
 In that beautiful land on high.
- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say "good-by!"
 When over the river we're happy forever,
 In that beautiful land on high.

219. *Tune—SHINING SHORE. Key G. (G. H. 2-124)*

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For oh we stand on Jordan's strand ;
 Our friends are passing over,
 And, just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our heavenly home discerning ;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing ;

That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says Come, and there's our home
Forever, O forever.

220. 8s & 7s. Key C. (G. H. 2-127.)

WE are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman ;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

- 2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

- 3 And the bright celestial city !
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams !

- 4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side ;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we, too, have crossed the tide.

- 5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

221. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 221. (G. H. 2-128.)

MY God, I have found
The thrice-blessèd ground,
Where life and where joy and true comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !

Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood

Of Him who once stood

My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree

The sentence for me,

And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below

'Mid sorrow and woe,

My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

5 And this I shall find,

For such is His mind,

"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

222. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 222. (G. H. 3-1.)*

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !

Early in the morning our song shall rise to

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty ! [Thee ;

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee, [sea ;
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy ! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and
 sky, and sea ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity ! Amen.

223. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 223. (G. H. 3-2.)*

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.

CHO.—Revive Thy work, revive Thy work,
 And give refreshing show'rs ;
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Disturb this sleep of death ;
 Quicken the smould'ring embers now
 By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
 And hung'ring for the bread of life,
 O may our spirits be !

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Exalt Thy precious name ;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

224. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 224. (G. H. 3-3.)*

I'VE found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He loved me ere I knew Him ;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him.

And 'round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever;
 For I am His and He is mine
 Forever and forever.

2 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He bled, He died to save me ;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.

Naught that I have my own I call—
 I hold it for the Giver ;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven.

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor ;
 So, now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest forever.

4 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 So kind, and true, and tender ;
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender !

From Him, who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul can sever ?
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell ?
 No ! I am His forever.

225. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 225. (G. H. 3-4.)*

WHEN the storms of life are raging,
 Tempests wild on sea and land,

I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

C110.—He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me ;
He will hide me, safely hide me
In the shadow of His hand.

- 2 Though He may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home ;
For in love and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.
- 3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.
- 4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.

226. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 226. (G. H. 3-5.)*

THINE, Jesus, Thine ;
No more this heart of mine
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee ;
The world is crucified to me,
And I am Thine, and I am Thine.

- 2 Thine, Thine alone,
My joy, my hope, my crown ;
Now earthly things may fade and die,
They charm my soul no more, for I
Am Thine alone, am Thine alone.
- 3 Thine, ever Thine,
Forever to recline.

On love eternal, fixed and sure,
 Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
 Lord Jesus, Thine ; Lord Jesus, Thine.

- 4 Thine, Jesus, Thine ;
 Soon in Thy crown to shine,
 When from the glory Thou shalt come,
 And with Thy saints shall take me home ;
 Lord Jesus, come ; Lord Jesus, come.

227. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 227. (G. H. 3-6.)*

LONG in darkness we have waited
 For the shining of the Light ;
 Long have felt the things we hated
 Sink us still in deeper night.

CHO.—Blessed Jesus ! loving Saviour !
 Tender, faithful, strong and true ;
 Break the fetters that have bound us,
 Make us in Thyself anew.

- 2 Now at last the Light appeareth,
 Jesus stands upon the shore ;
 And with tender voice He calleth,
 “ Come to Me ” and “ sin no more ! ”

- 3 Nothing have we but our weakness,
 Naught but sorrow, sin and care ;
 All within is loathsome vileness,
 All without is dark despair,

- 4 All our talents we have wasted,
 All Thy laws have disobeyed ;
 But Thy goodness now we’ve tasted,
 In Thy robes we stand arrayed.

- 5 Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us,
 Guide us by Thine eye divine.

Let the Holy Spirit teach us,
That our light may ever shine.

CHO.—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day ;
While we're calling do Thou hear us,
Send us now Thy peace, we pray.

228. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 228. (G. H. 3-7.)*

JESUS, gracious one, calleth now to thee,
“ Come, O sinner, come !”
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,
“ Now, O sinner, come.”
Words of peace and blessing,
Christ’s own love confessing :

REF.—Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,
Full, full of love ;
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,
“ Come, O sinner, come.”

2 Still He waits for thee, pleading patiently,
“ Come, O come to Me !”
“ Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne,
Come and rest in Me.”
Words with love o’erflowing,
Life and bliss bestowing.

3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously,
Cans’t thou dare refuse ?
Mercy offered thee—freely, tenderly—
Wilt thou still abuse ?
Come, for time is flying,
Haste, thy lamp is dying.

229. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 229. (G. H. 3-8.)*

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me :

On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHO.—Sing, O sing of my Redeemer!
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.

- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How, my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin and death and hell
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

230. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 230. (G. H. 3-9.)*

JESUS CHRIST is passing by;
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, Be merciful to Me!

- 2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
“What wilt thou then have of Me?”
Rise, and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.
- 3 “Lord, I would Thy mercy see:
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control.”

4 O how sweet the touch of power
 Comes ! and is salvation's hour ;
 Jesus gives from guilt release—
 " Faith hath saved thee, go in peace ! "

231. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 231. (G. H. 3-10.)*

COME near me, O my Saviour !
 Thy tenderness reveal ;
 O let me know the sympathy
 Which Thou for me dost feel !
 I need Thee every moment ;
 Thine absence brings dismay :
 But when the tempter hurls his darts,
 'Twere death with Thee away.

2 Come near me, my Redeemer,
 And never leave my side ;
 My bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea,
 The storm cannot outride,
 Unless Thy word of power
 Arrest the surging wave.
 No voice but Thine its rage can quell,
 No arm but Thine can save.

3 Come near me, blessed Jesus !
 I need Thee in my joy,
 No less than when the direst ills
 My happiness destroy ;
 For when the sun shines o'er me
 And flowers strew my way,
 Without Thy wise and guiding hand
 More easily I stray.

4 Be near me, mighty Saviour,
 When comes the latest strife ;

For Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd,
 And ope'd the gates of life.
 And when among the ransom'd
 I stand with crown and palm,
 To Thee, divine, unfailing Friend,
 I'll rise eternal psalm.

232. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 232. (G. II. 3-11.)*

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
 My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly ;
 So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be ;
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

REF.—Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee ;
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

- 2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
 - In times when temptation casts o'er me its power :
 In the tempests of life, on its wide heaving sea,
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
 - 3 How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
 I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe ;
 How often, when trials like sea-billows roll,
 Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou rock of my soul !
-

233. Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 233. (G. II. 3-12.)

WE'VE journey'd many a day
 Upon an ocean wide,
 Amid the mist and spray
 Of many a surging tide ;
 But lo ! the land is near !
 For just beyond the foam
 I see it bright and clear—
 The light of home, sweet home.

REF.—There's a light upon the shore, brother;
 It flashes from the strand.
 The night is almost o'er, brother;
 The haven's just at hand.

2 We've had our storms of doubt,
 Our rains of bitter tears,
 Our fightings fierce without—
 Within, our anxious fears;
 But lo! the storms are past!
 They cannot reach us more;
 We've sighted land at last,
 The blessed stormless shore.

3 O land of calmest rest,
 Where suns no more go down!
 O haven of the blest,
 With bliss and glory crown'd!
 No more the storm, the dark,
 The breakers and the foam,
 No more the wail; for, hark!
 We hear the songs of home.

234. TUNE—*G. H. Combined.* No. 234. (G. H. 3-13.)

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.

CHO.—All to Thee, all to Thee;
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.

- 3 Take my lips, and let them be
 Fill'd with messages for Thee.
 Take my silver and my gold—
 Not a mite would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days ;
 Let them flow in endless praise.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart—it is Thine own—
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my God ! I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store.
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

235. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 235. (G. H. 3-14.)*

THE Gospel bells are ringing
 Over land, from sea to sea :
 Blessed news of free salvation
 Do they offer you and me.
 “ For God so loved the world
 That His only Son He gave,
 Whosoe'er believeth in Him
 Everlasting life shall have.”

CHO.—Gospel bells, how they ring
 Over land, from sea to sea ;
 Gospel bells freely bring
 Blessed news to you and me.

- 2 The Gospel bells invite us
 To a feast prepared for all ;

Do not slight the invitation,
 Nor reject the gracious call.
 "I am the bread of life;
 Eat of Me, thou hungry soul.
 Tho' your sins be red as crimson,
 They shall be as white as wool."

- 3 The Gospel bells give warning
 As they sound, from day to day,
 Of the fate which doth await them
 Who forever will delay.
 "Escape ye, for thy life;
 Tarry not in all the plain,
 Nor behind thee look, O never!
 Lest thou be consumed in pain.

- 4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
 As they echo far and wide,
 Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
 Thro' a Saviour crucified.
 "Good tidings of great joy
 To all people do I bring:
 Unto you is born a Saviour,
 Which is Christ the Lord" and King.
-

236. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 236. (G. H. 3-15.)*

JOY to the world! the Lord is come—
 The mighty God, the Everlasting Father and
 the Prince of Peace.

Let every heart prepare Him room—
 The mighty God, the Everlasting Father and the
 Prince of Peace.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns—The, &c.
 O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills, and plains—
 The, &c.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace—The, &c.
And saves us by His righteousness—The, &c.

237. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 237. (G. H. 3-16.)*

A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and light ;
The Master made answer, in words true and plain,
“ Ye must be born again,” again.

CHO.—“ Ye must be born again,
Ye must be born again ;
I verily, verily, say unto thee,
Ye must be born again.”

2 Ye children of men attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord,
And let not this message to you be in vain—
“ Ye must be born again,” again.

3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest !
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
“ Ye must be born again,” again.

4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,
At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee ;
Then list to the note of this solemn refrain—
“ Ye must be born again,” again.

238. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 238. (G. H. 3-17.)*

Justice. **C**UT it down ! cut it down !
Spare not the fruitless tree !
It spreads a harmful shade around,
It spoils what else were useful ground ;
No fruit for years on it I've found ;
Cut it down ! cut it down !

Mercy. 2 One year more, one year more,
 O spare the fruitless tree !
 Behold its branches broad and green !
 Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,
 Some fruit thereon may yet be seen—
 One year more, one year more.

Justice. 3 Cut it down, cut it down,
 And burn the worthless tree !
 For other use the soil prepare,
 Some other tree will flourish there,
 And in my vineyard much fruit bear—
 Cut it down, cut it down.

Mercy. 4 One year more, one year more,
 For mercy spare the tree !
 Another year of care bestow ;
 On its fair form some fruit may grow ;
 If not, then lay the cumb'rer low—
 One year more, one year more..

5 Still it stands, still it stands,
 A fair, but fruitless tree !
 The Master, seeking fruit thereon,
 Has come ; but, griev'd at finding none,
 Now speaks to Justice—Mercy flown—
 “Cut it down ! cut it down !”

239. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 239. (G. H. 3-18.)*

IT may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
IWhen sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is break-
 That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory, [ing,
 To receive from the world “His own.”

CHO.—O Lord Jesus, how long, how long
 Ere we shout the glad song,

Christ returneth, hallelujah ! hallelujah ! amen.
Hallelujah ! amen.

- 2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,
It may be perchance, that the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."
 - 3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descend—
With glorified saints and the angels attending, [ing,
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."
 - 4 O joy ! O delight ! should we go without dying—
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying—
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."
-

240. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 240. (G. H. 3-19.)*

WHY do you wait, dear brother?
O why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

CHO.—Why not ? why not ?
Why not come to Him now ?
Why not ? why not ?
Why not come to Him now ?

- 2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay ?
There's no one to save you but Jesus ;
There's no other way but His way.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within ?
O why not accept His salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin ?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
 The harvest is passing away;
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you;
 There's danger and death in delay.

241. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 241. (G. II. 3-20.)

I S Jesus able to redeem
 A sinner lost, like me?
 My sins so great, so many seem!
 O sinner! “come and see.”

REF.—The blood that Jesus shed of old,
 Was shed for you and me:
 And there is room within the fold—
 O “come to Him and see.”

2 Is Jesus willing to forgive
 A rebel child like me,
 Who would not in His favor live?
 O rebel, “come and see.”

3 Is Jesus waiting to relieve
 A wanderer like me,
 Who chose the Father's house to leave?
 O wand'rer! “come and see.”

4 Is Jesus ready now to save
 A guilty one like me,
 Who brought Him to the cross and grave?—
 “Come,” guilty one, “and see.”

242. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 242. (G. H. 3-21.)

O WHAT a Saviour, that He died for me!
 From condemnation He hath made me free;
 “He that believeth on the Son,” saith He,
 “Hath everlasting life.”

CHO.—“Verily, verily, I say unto you ;
 Verily, verily”—message ever new—
 “He that believeth on the Son,” ’tis true,
 “Hath everlasting life.”

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid ;
 All my indebtedness by Him was paid ;
 All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
 “Have everlasting life.”

3 Tho' poor and needy, I can trust my Lord ;
 Tho' weak and sinful, I believe His word ;
 O glad message ! every child of God
 “Hath everlasting life.”

4 Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
 For him that cometh He will not cast out.
 “He that believeth,” O the good news shout !
 “HATH everlasting life.”

243. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 243. (G. II. 3-22.)*

IF never the gaze of sun and moon
 On the blessed home above,
 From whence are its rays of wondrous noon ?
 O ! “the LAMB is the light thereof.”

CHO.—They shall walk in white, there shall be no night
 In the fadeless home above ;
 And the shout shall ring as the ransomed sing,
 O ! “the LAMB is the light thereof.”

2 And thus saith the page of Holy Writ,
 Of the land of song and love :
 “The glory of God did lighten it,”
 And “the LAMB is the light thereof.”

3 Then follow Him till the eye grows dim,
 And the soul, as ark-freed dove,

Shall speed away to realms of day,
Where "the LAMB is the light thereof."

244. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 244. (G. H. 3-23.)*

O HOW happy are we, who in Jesus agree,
And expect His return from above!
We sit 'neath His vine, and delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

CHO.—O how happy are we, who in Jesus agree!—
How happy, how happy are we.

- 2 When united to Him, we partake of the stream
Ever flowing in peace from the throne;
We in Jesus believe, and the Spirit receive,
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
 - 3 We remember the word of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place:
"I will come in that day, and will take you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."
 - 4 Come, Lord, from the skies, and command us to rise
To the mansions of glory above;
With Thee to ascend, and eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.
-

245. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 245. (G. II. 3-24.)*

BLESSED hope that in Jesus is given,
In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
That soon, in the mansions of heaven,
We shall meet with our lov'd ones again

CHO.—||: Blessed hope, blessed hope,
We shall meet with our lov'd ones again. :||

- 2 Blessed hope in the word God has spoken !
 All our peace by that word we obtain ;
 And as sure as God's word was ne'er broken,
 We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.
- 3 Blessed hope ! how it shines in our sorrow,
 Like the star over Bethlehem's plain—
 That, it may be, with Him, ere the morrow,
 We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.
- 4 Blessed hope ! the bright star of the morning,
 That shall herald His coming to reign ;
 O the glory that waits its fair dawning,
 When we meet with our lov'd ones again !
-

246. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 246. (G. H. 3-25.)

- O** DO not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light !
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart ;
 Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night ?
- CHO.—||: Why not to-night ? Why not to-night ?
 Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night ?:||
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
 To bless thy long deluded sight ;
 This is the time ! O then be wise !
 Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night ?
- 3 The world has nothing left to give—
 It has no new, no pure delight ;
 O try the life which Christians live !
 Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night ?
- 4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite ;

Then be the work of grace begun !

Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night ?*

247. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 247. (G. H. 3-26.)*

OTENDER and sweet was the Master's voice,
As He lovingly called to me,
“Come over the line ! 'tis only a step !
I am waiting, my child, for thee.”

REF.—“Over the line !” hear the sweet refrain ;
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain :
“Over the line !”—Why should I remain
With a step between me and Jesus ?

2 But my sins are many, my faith is small.

Lo ! the answer came quick and clear :

“Thou needest not trust in thyself at all ;
Step over the line ! I am here.”

3 “But my flesh is weak,” I tearfully said,

“And the way I cannot see ;

I fear if I try I may sadly fail,

And thus may dishonor Thee.”

4 Ah ! the world is cold, and I cannot go back ;

Press forward I surely must.

I will place my hands in His wounded palm,

Step over the line, and *trust*.

REF.—“Over the line !” hear the sweet refrain ;

Angels are chanting the heavenly strain :

“Over the line” I *will not* remain ;

I'll cross it, and go to Jesus.

248. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 248. (G. H. 2-27.)*

SAVE ! Jesus, save !

Thy blessing now we crave

For every anxious sinner here,
 O let Thy mercy now appear !
 Lord Jesus, save ; Lord Jesus, save.

2 Save, Jesus, save !
 Thy banner o'er us wave,
 Of love eternal and divine ;
 O Lord, let each one here be Thine !
 Lord Jesus, save ; Lord Jesus, save.

3 Save, Jesus, save !
 Thou conqueror o'er the grave,
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And to the troubled whisper "Peace."
 Lord Jesus, save ; Lord Jesus, save.

4 Save, Jesus, save !
 And Thou alone shalt have
 The glory of the work divine ;
 Yea, endless praises shall be Thine !
 Lord Jesus, save ; Lord Jesus, save.

249. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 249. (G. H. 3-28.)*

TEMPTED and tried ! O the terrible tide [wide !
 May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and
 Yet its fury is vain, for the Lord shall restrain,
 And forever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

CHO.—Tempted and tried ; yet the Lord at thy side,
 Shall guide thee and keep thee, tho' tempted
 and tried.

2 Tempted and tried ! there is One at thy side,
 And never in vain shall His children confide.
 He shall save and defend, for He loves to the end.
 Adorable Master and glorious Friend !

- 3 Tempted and tried ! whate'er may betide,
 In His secret pavilion His children shall hide.
 'Neath the shadowing wing of Eternity's King,
 His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.
- 4 Tempted and tried ! Yet the Lord will abide
 Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide.
 Thy Shield and thy Sword, thine exceeding Reward ;
 Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.
- 5 Tempted and tried ! the Saviour who died
 Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side ;
 His cross thou shalt bear, and His crown thou shalt
 And forever and ever His glory shalt share. [wear,
-

250. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 250. (G. H. 3-29.)*

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known.
 ||: Join in a song with sweet accord, :||
 ||: And thus surround the throne. :||

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
 We're marching upward to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 ||: But children of the heav'nly King :||
 ||: May speak their joys abroad.:||
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 ||: Before we reach the heav'nly fields,;||
 ||: Or walk the golden streets. :||

4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 ||: We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, :||
 ||: To fairer worlds on high. :||

251. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 251. (G. H. 3-30.)*

I CANNOT tell how precious
 The Saviour is to me,
 Since I have Him accepted,
 And He hath made me free.
 I cannot tell His goodness,
 Enough to satisfy ;
 And if you'll only take Him
 You'll see the reason why.

CHO.—I cannot tell how precious
 The Saviour is to me ;
 I only can entreat you
 To come and taste, and see.

2 I cannot do for Jesus
 As much as I should like ;
 But I will e'er endeavor
 To work with all my might ;
 For, was not my dear Saviour
 For sinners crucified ?
 For me, then, surely, Jesus
 Hung on the cross and died.

3 Whene'er I think of Jesus,
 I cannot but rejoice ;
 To me He's ever precious,
 For Him I raise my voice.
 I know He has in glory
 A home prepared for me,

Where I shall live forever,
So happy and so free.

252. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 252. (G. H. 3-31.)*

BEAUTIFUL valley of Eden!
Sweet is thy noontide calm ;
Over the hearts of the weary,
Breathing thy waves of balm.

REF.—Beautiful valley of Eden !
Home of the pure and blest !
How often amid the wild billows
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest !

2 Over the heart of the mourner
Shineth thy golden day,
Wafting the songs of the angels
Down from the far away.

3 There is the home of my Saviour ;
There, with the blood-washed throng,
Over the highlands of glory
Rolleth the great new song.

253. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 253. (G. H. 3-32.)*

FIERCE and wild the storm is raging
Round a helpless bark ;
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark !

CHO.—Joy, O joy ! behold the Saviour !
Joy, O joy ! the message hear—
“ I'll stand by until the morning ;
I've come to save you, do not fear.”
Yes, I'll stand by until the morning ;
I've come to save you, do not fear.

- 2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,
 Fainting on the deck,
 With what joy they'll hail their Saviour,
 As He hails the wreck !
- 3 On a wild and stormy ocean,
 Sinking 'neath the wave,
 Souls that perish, heed the message—
 Christ has come to save !
- 4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,
 He in love has come ;
 Leave the wreck, and in Him trusting,
 Thou shalt reach thy home.

254. *Tune.—G. H. Combined. No. 254. (G. H. 3-33.)*

WE'RE saved by the blood
 That was drawn from the side
 Of Jesus our Lord,
 When He languished and died.

REF.—Hallelujah to God,
 For redemption so free ;
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Dear Saviour, to Thee.

2 O yes, 'tis the blood
 Of the Lamb that was slain ;
 He conquered the grave,
 And He liveth again.

3 We're saved by the blood,
 We are sealed by its power ;
 'Tis life to the soul,
 And its hope every hour.

4 That the blood is a fount
 Where the vilest may go,

And wash till their souls
Shall be whiter than snow.

5 We're saved by the blood,
Hallelujah again ;
We're saved by the blood,
Hallelujah, Amen.

255. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 255. (G. H. 3-34.)*

COME souls that are longing for pleasure,
Our Saviour has pleasures to give ;
Come find in His love the rare treasure
That makes every true pleasure live.

CHO.—Come now, saith the Lord, let us reason ;
Come now, and your purpose declare.
Is it pleasures of sin for a season,
Or pleasures the glorified share ?

2 The pleasures of sin are deceiving—
They've nothing for yesterday's pain ;
But hope of to-morrow receiving,
And then, it's *To-morrow* again.

3 The pleasures of sin are all fleeting ;
They vanish with life's passing morn.
Like dew-drops the morning sun greeting,
They glisten, and then they are gone.

4 Then all who are longing for pleasure—
Ye weary, and all who are worn—
Come find in the Lord a sure treasure,
That from you shall never be torn.

5 Of Jesus thy choice be now making—
Redeemer, and Saviour, and Lord ;
And soon, in the glory awaking,
You'll share in the saint's blest reward.

256. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 256. (G. H. 3-35.)*

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there.

Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine ;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more ;
To die no more, to die no more.
I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
 - 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
 - 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine ;
All nature sink and cease to be—
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.
-

257. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 257. (G. H. 3-36.)*

WHAT tho' clouds are hovering o'er me,
And I seem to walk alone—
Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses,
For the joys that now are flown ?
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
Then my sky will have a gem ;
He's a Sun of brightest splendor,
And the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 What tho' all my earthly journey
 Bringeth naught but weary hours,
 And, in grasping for life's roses,
 Thorns I find instead of flow'rs?
 If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 I possess a cluster rare ;
 He's the "Lily of the Valley,"
 And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
- 3 What tho' all my heart is yearning
 For the loved of long ago,
 Bitter lessons sadly learning
 From the shadowy page of woe?
 If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 He'll be with me to the end ;
 And, unseen by mortal vision,
 Angel bands will o'er me bend.
- 4 When I soar to realms of glory,
 And an entrance I await,
 If I whisper, "Jesus only!"
 Wide will ope the pearly gate.
 When I join the heavenly chorus,
 And the angel hosts I see,
 Precious Jesus, "Jesus only,"
 Will my theme of rapture be.

258. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 258. (G. H. 3-37.)*

WHOM have I Lord, in heav'n but Thee?
 None but Thee! None but Thee!
 And this my song thro' life shall be,
 Christ for me! Christ for me!
 He hath for me the wine-press trod,
 He hath redeemed me by His blood,

- And reconciled my soul to God.
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 2 I envy not the rich their joys,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
I covet not earth's glitt'ring toys,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow,
“Fading” is stamped on all below ;
Mine is a joy no end can know,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 3 Tho' with the poor be cast my lot,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
“He knoweth best”—I murmur not,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Tho' vine and fig-tree blight assail,
The labor of the olive fail,
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail—
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 4 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
And sin besets me all around,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage ;
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,

Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

259. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 259. (G. H. 3-38.)*

WHEN Jesus comes to reward His servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?

REF.—O can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Waiting?—waiting when the Lord shall come?

- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning
He shall call us, one by one;
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will He answer thee, "Well done"?
- 3 Have we been true to the trust He left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In His glory they shall share;
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will He find us watching there?

260. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 260. (G. H. 3-39.)*

GLIDING o'er life's fitful waters,
Heavy surges sometimes roll;
And we sigh for yonder haven,
For the Home-land of the soul.

REF.—Blessed Home-land, ever fair!
Sin can never enter there;

But the soul, to life awaking
Everlasting bloom shall wear.

- 2 Oft we catch a faint reflection
 Of its bright and vernal hills ;
 And, tho' distant, how we hail it !
 How each heart with rapture thrills !
 - 3 To our Father and our Saviour,
 To the Spirit, Three in One,
 We shall sing glad songs of triumph
 When our harvest-work is done.
 - 4 'Tis the weary pilgrim's Home-land,
 Where each throbbing care shall cease ;
 And our longings and our yearnings,
 Like a wave, be hushed to peace.
-

261. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 261. (G. H. 3-40.)*

I HAVE heard of a land far away,
 And its glories no tongue can declare ;
But its beauty hangs over the way,
 And with Jesus I long to be there.

REF.—||: To be there, to be there ;
 And with Jesus I long to be there. :||

- 2 There are foretastes of heaven below ;
 There are moments like joys of the blest ;
But the splendors no mortal can know,
 Of the land where the weary shall rest.
- 3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,
 In the gleam of the river of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share ;
 O how sweetly they rest from the strife !

- 4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide
 In the shade of the sheltering fold ;
 Evermore, by Immanuel's side,
 They shall dwell in the glory untold.

262. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 262. (G. H. 3-41.)*

LOOK, ye saints ! the sight is glorious ;
 See the “ Man of Sorrows ” now !
 From the fight return'd victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow.

REF.—||: Crown Him, crown Him ! angels crown Him !
 Crown the Saviour “ King of kings.” ||

- 2 Crown the Saviour ! angels crown Him !

 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,

 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name.

- 4 Hark ! the bursts of acclamation !

 Hark ! these loud triumphant chords ;
 Jesus takes the highest station ;
 O what joy the sight affords !

263. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 263. (G. H. 3-42.)*

WOULD you lose your load of sin ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Would you know God's peace within ?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

CHO.—Jesus who on the cross did die,
 Jesus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,

- He alone can justify ;
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 2 Would you calmly walk the wave ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
 Would you know His power to save ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 3 Would you have your cares grow light ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
 Would you songs have in the night ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 4 Grieving, would you comfort know ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
 Humble be when blessings flow ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 5 Would you strength in weakness have ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
 See a light beyond the grave ?
 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

264. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 264. (G. H. 3-43.)

THREE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never fading flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, trembling on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove--
 Those gloomy doubts that rise !
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes ;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

265. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 265. (G. H. 3-44.)*

OH! I am so happy in Jesus !
 His blood has redeem'd me from sin.
 I weep and I sing in my gladness,
 To know He is dwelling within.

CHO.—Oh! I am so happy in Jesus !
 From sin and from sorrow so free ;
 So happy that He is my Saviour ;
 So happy that Jesus loves me.

2 Oh! I am so happy in Jesus !
 He taught me the *secret of faith*—
 To rest in believing His promise,
 And trust *whatsoever He saith*.

3 Oh! I am so happy in Jesus !
 I lay my whole soul at His feet ;
 The love He has kindled within me
 Makes service and suffering sweet.

4. Oh! I am so happy in Jesus !
 If earth in His love is so blest,

What joy, in His glorified presence
To sit at His feet as His guest!

266. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 266. (G. H. 3-45.)*

THE gospel trumpet's sounding
The year of jubilee,
And grace is all abounding,
To set the bondmen free.

CHO.—Return, return, ye captives,
Return unto your home!

||: The gospel trumpet's sounding,
The jubilee is come! :||

2 Forsake your wretched service,
Your master's claims are o'er;
Avail yourselves of freedom,
Be Satan's slaves no more.

3 A better Master's calling,
In accents true and kind;
He asks a loving service,
And claims a willing mind.

4 He offers you salvation,
And points to joys above;
And, longing, waits to make you
The objects of His love.

5 In living faith accept Him,
Give up all else beside;
While grace is loudly calling,
Look to the Crucified.

267. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 267. (G. H. 3-46.)*

SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,

Amid the crowd that gather'd 'round Him,
And straightway she was whole.

CHO.—O touch the hem of His garment!

And thou, too, shalt be free;
His saving pow'r this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,

She knew her Lord had come,

She felt that from Him virtue had healed her,
The mighty deed was done.

3 He turned with "daughter, be of good comfort,

Thy faith had made thee whole,"

And peace, "that passeth all understanding,"
With gladness filled her soul.

268. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 268. (G. H. 3-47.)*

O THE bitter pain and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,

When I proudly said to Jesus,

"All of self, and none of Thee."

||: All of self, and none of Thee ; :||

When I proudly said to Jesus,

"All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me! I beheld Him

Bleeding on th' accursed tree;

And my wistful heart said faintly,

"Some of self, and some of Thee."

||: Some of self and some of Thee ; :||

And my wistful heart said faintly,

"Some of self and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy—

Healing, helping, full and free—

Brought me lower, while I whispered,
“ Less of self, and more of Thee.”

||: Less of self, and more of Thee ; :||

Brought me lower, while I whispered,
“ Less of self, and more of Thee.”

- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered!—
“ *None* of self, and *all* of Thee.”
||: *None* of self, and *all* of Thee ; :||
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered!—
“ *None* of self, and *all* of Thee.”
-

269. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 269. (G. H. 3-48.)*

CAN it be right for me to go
On in this dark uncertain way?
Say, “ I’ll believe,” and yet not know
Whether my sins are put away?

CHO.—I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord!
I will forever rest in Thy word.

- 2 Can it be right in doubt to wait—
Wait for the day that tries the heart—
Ere I shall learn what is my state,
Fearing the Judge should say, Depart?

- 3 Can it be right such loads to bear,
While He says “ Come, I’ll give you rest ”?
Bidding me cast on Him my care,
Leaning in love upon His breast.

- 4 Can it be right to doubt His pow’r
Both to forgive and vanquish sin?
Even in trials of darkest hour,
Cannot His love give peace within?

- 5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
 Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
 Can He not teach my tongue to speak?
 Will He not ample strength provide?
- 6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
 Even to dread the hour of death?
 Waiting in faith the great reward,
 Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.
-

270. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 270. (G. H. 3-49.)*

FROM the riven Rock there floweth,
 Living water, ever clear.

Weary pilgrim, journeying onward,
 Know you not the Fount is near?

CHO.—Jesus is the Rock of Ages—
 Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies!
 From His side a living fountain!
 Know you not it satisfies?

2 Without money, without merit,
 Jesus calls, “Come unto Me.”
 Thirsty traveller, be encouraged!
 Know you not the Fount is free?

3 Fainting in the desert dreary,
 Guilty sinner, hark! 'tis He!
 'Tis the Saviour still entreating:
 Know you not He calleth thee?

271. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 271. (G. H. 3-50.)*

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
 Thou art coming, O my King!
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Well may we rejoice and sing.

Thou art coming ! Rays of glory,
 Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
 Gladden now our pilgrim pathway—
 Glory from Thy presence sent.

CHO.—Thou art coming, Thou art coming !
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way.
 Thou art coming ! We shall see Thee,
 And be like Thee on that day.
 Thou art coming, Thou art coming !
 Jesus, our belovèd Lord.
 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Worship'd, glorified, adored !

2 Thou art coming ! Not a shadow,
 Not a mist and not a tear—
 Not a sin, and not a sorrow,
 On that sunrise grand and clear.
 Thou art coming ! Jesus, Saviour,
 Nothing else seems worth a thought.
 O how marvellous the glory,
 And the bliss Thy pain hath bought !

3 Thou art coming ! We are waiting,
 With a hope that cannot fail ;
 Asking not the day or hour—
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Thou art coming ! At Thy table
 We are witnesses for this,
 As we meet Thee in communion—
 Earnest of our coming bliss.

272. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 272. (G. H. 3-51.)*

ONLY trusting in my Saviour,
 All to Him my soul would leave ;

He has suffered to redeem me,
And His word I now believe.

REF.—Now to Christ alone I'm clinging,
Tho' the tempest round me blow ;
Heeding not the clouds above me,
Dreading not the waves below.

- 2 Only trusting, nothing doubting,
This is all that I can do ;
Every trial that befalls me
He will safely bring me through.
 - 3 There are breakers in the distance,
Yet no danger will I fear ;
On the Rock my feet are resting,
Nought of harm can reach me here.
 - 4 Only trusting, only trusting—
This is joy and life to me ;
Thou wilt never leave me friendless
While I cling, O Christ ! to Thee.
-

273. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 273. (G. H. 3-52.)*

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

- CHO.—O dearly, dearly has He lov'd !
And we must love Him too ;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear ;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven ;
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heav'n,
 Sav'd by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin ;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heav'n, and let us in.

274. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 274. (G. H. 3-53.)

IN my Father's house there is many a room,
 And my Lord has gone to prepare
 A place for me ; O ! can it be
 That I shall be with Him there ?

CHO.—Forever with Jesus there,
 Forever with Jesus there !
 What grace divine, that He is mine,
 And I shall be with Him there !

2 In my Father's house there is endless day,
 With no cloud of sorrow or care ;
 No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs
 They know, who are with Him there.

3 In my Father's house there's no want or woe,
 And there can be no more pray'r ;
 For what beside can God provide,
 Since we shall be with Him there ?

4 In my Father's house there is no more death,
 For the life of God we share ;
 No thought of sin can enter in,
 For we shall be with Him there.

5 In my Father's house there are blessed saints,
 Who His holy image bear ;

They find in this their sweetest bliss,
That they may be with Him there.

275. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 275. (G. H. 3-54.)*

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright—
The armies of the ransom'd saints
Throng up the steeps of light.
'Tis finished—all is finished—
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

REF.—Hallelujah ! hallelujah to the Lamb
Who once was slain !
Hallelujah ! hallelujah to Him
Who lives again.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fill all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day ! for which creation
And all its tribes were made.
O joy ! for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore !
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimm'd with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

276. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 276. (G. H. 3-55.)*

I FEEL like singing all the time,
 My tears are wiped away,
 For Jesus is a friend of mine !
 I'll serve Him every day.

CHO.—I'm singing, singing, singing all the time.
 •Singing, singing, singing all the time.

- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw—
 Nail'd there by sins of mine !
 Fast fell the burning tears ; but now
 I'm singing all the time.
 - 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,
 I sing, Jesus is mine ;
 And so, though tears at times may start,
 I'm singing all the time.
 - 4 The wondrous story of the Lamb,
 Tell with that voice of thine,
 'Till others, with the glad new song
 Go singing all the time.
-

277. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 277. (G. H. 3-56.)*

MINE ! What rays of glory bright
 Now upon the promise shine !
 I have found the Lord, my light ;
 I am His and He is mine.

CHO.—Mine, O mine ! Mine, O mine !
 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
 I am His, and He is mine !

- 2 Mine ! the promise often read,
 Now in living truth impress'd ;
 Once acknowledg'd in the head,
 Now a fire within the breast.

3 Mine ! The promise cannot change.
 Mine ! tho' oft my eyes are dim.
 Naught can from His love estrange
 Those who place their trust in Him.

4 Mine ! Tho' oft my hand may fail,
He is strong, and holds me fast.
 By His blood I shall prevail ;
 He shall lead me home at last.

5 Mine ! When death the bars shall break,
 'Mid those glories all divine,
 Satisfied I shall awake,
 Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine*!

278. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 278. (G. H. 3-57.)*

ETERNITY dawns on my vision to-day !
 Gather 'round me, my loved ones, to sing and
 to pray ;

The shadows are past and the veil is withdrawn,
 Brightly now does the morn of eternity dawn.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah we sing !
 Jesus conquered the grave, robbing death of
 its sting.

Hosanna ! again let the glad anthem ring,
 "Sing and pray ! Eternity dawns !"

2 "Eternity dawns!" O ! the glories that rise,
 How they burst on my soul in its blissful surprise !
 With rapture the gleam of the city I see, [me.
 Where the crown and the mansion are waiting for

3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night.
 I am nearing the gates of the city of light ;
 The shadows of time are all passing away ;
 Tarry not, O my Saviour ! Come quickly, I pray.

- 4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view.
 Weeping friends, now farewell. I must bid you
 I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead, [adieu.
 Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your
 need."
- 5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content
 That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
 'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men;
 May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.
-

279. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 279. (G. H. 3-58.)*

WHÈRE is my wandering boy to-night?
 The boy of my tenderest care—
 The boy that was once my joy and light—
 The child of my love and prayer.

CHO.—O! where is my boy to-night?
 O! where is my boy to-night?
 My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows;
 O! where is my boy to-night?

2 Once he was pure as morning dew,
 As he knelt at his mother's knee;
 No face was so bright, no heart more true,
 And none was so sweet as he.

3 O! could I see you now, my boy,
 As fair as in olden time,
 When prattle and smile made home a joy,
 And life was a merry chime!

4 Go for my wand'ring boy to-night;
 Go search for him where you will;
 But bring him to me with all his blight,
 And tell him I love him still.

280. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 280. (G. H. 3-59.)*

PRECIOUS Saviour! may I live
Only for Thee!

Spend the powers Thou dost give,
Only for Thee!

Be my spirit's deep desire
Only for Thee!

May my intellect aspire
Only for Thee!

CHO.—Only Christ, who died for me,
Paid the price and made me free;
Now, and thro' eternity,
Only for Thee!

2 In my joys may I rejoice
Only for Thee!

In my choices make my choice
Only for Thee!

Meekly may I suffer grief
Only for Thee!

Gratefully accept relief
Only for Thee!

3 Be my smiles and be my tears
Only for Thee!

Be my young and riper years
Only for Thee!

Be my peace and be my strife
Only for Thee!

Be my love and be my life
Only for Thee!

281. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 281. (G. H. 3-60.)*

NOTHING, either great or small—
Nothing, sinner, no!

Jesus died and paid it all,
Long, long ago.

CHO.—“It is finished !” Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot ;
Sinner, this is all you need ;
Tell me, is it not ?

2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done :
Hearken to His cry !

3 Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherfore toil you so ?
Cease your doing ; all was done
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus’ work you cling,
By a simple faith,
“ Doing ” is a deadly thing—
“ Doing ” ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly “ doing ” down—
Down at Jesus’ feet :
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

282. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 282. (G. H. 3-61.)*

SING them over again to me—
Wonderful words of Life.

Let me more of their beauty see—
Wonderful words of life.

Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty ;

||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life. :||

- 2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of life;
 Sinner, list to the loving call—
 Wonderful words of life.
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.
- ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life. :||
- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call—
 Wonderful words of life;
 Offer pardon and peace to all—
 Wonderful words of life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.
- ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life. :||
-

283. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 283. (G. H. 3-62.)*

- W**E speak of the land of the blest,
 A country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glories confest—
 But what must it be to be there ?
- CHO.—To be there, to be there !
 O what must it be to be there ?
 To be there, to be there !
 O what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,

The songs of the blessed above—
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there.

284. Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 284. (G. H. 3-63.)

HAVE you any room for Jesus?—
He who bore your load of sin—
As He knocks, and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

CHO.—Room for Jesus, King of glory!
Hasten now, His word obey;
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ, the crucified,
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died.

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
O! to-day is time accepted,
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus;
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

285. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 285. (G. H. 3-64.)*

OUR Master has taken His journey
To a country that's far away,
And has left us the care of the vineyard,
To work for Him day by day.

CHO.—There's a work for me and a work for you ;
Something for each of us now to do ;
Yes, a work for me and a work for you ;
Something for each of us now to do.

- 2 In this “little while” doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
If we're filling the place He assigns us,
Be its service small or great ?
- 3 There's only one thing should concern us—
To find just the task that is ours ;
And then, having found it to *do* it
With all our God-given pow'rs.
- 4 Our Master is coming most surely,
To reckon with every one ;
Shall we *then* count our toil or our sorrow,
If His sentence be, “Well done” ?

286. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 286. (G. H. 3-65.)*

BE our joyful song to-day,
Jesus, only Jesus.

He who took our sins away—
Jesus, only Jesus.

Name with every blessing rife,
Be our joy and hope thro' life,
Be our strength in every strife,
Jesus, only Jesus.

- 2 Once we wander'd far from God,
 Knowing not of Jesus ;
 Treading still the downward road,
 Leading far from Jesus,
 Till the Spirit taught us how
 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
 And we fain would follow now,
 Jesus, only Jesus.
- 3 Be our trust thro' years to come,
 Jesus, only Jesus ;
 Password to the heavenly home,
 Jesus, only Jesus.
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 On thro' all eternity,
 This our theme and song shall be,
 Jesus, only Jesus.

267. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 287. (G. H. 3-66.)*

HOW sweet the word of Christ the Lord,
 While on the cross He dies !
 A word to all who on Him call
 For life in paradise.

CHO.—From the cross the Saviour cries,
 Come with Me to paradise ;
 Look to Me, believe and live,
 Accept the life I freely give.

- 2 The dying thief, in full belief,
 On Jesus fixed his eyes ;
 His only plea, " Remember me,
 O Lord, in paradise."
- 3 By man condemn'd, without a friend,
 Will Jesus heed his cries ?

O blessed Lord, how quick Thy word,
“To-day in paradise!”

4 Tho' vile as he, O sinner, flee!

While Jesus calls be wise;
His word believe, and now receive
A life in paradise.

288. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 288. (G. H. 3-67.)*

REJOICE with me, for now I'm free,
I joy in a new pleasure;
From God above, the gift of love
Is mine, in fullest measure.

CHO.—Rejoice, rejoice! Christ is my choice,
His cross alone my glory;
While life shall last, when death is past,
I'll sing the joyful story.

2 Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean,
Gone is all condemnation;
For I believe, and now receive
A full and free salvation.

3 In Christ I live, and He doth give
Great joy where once was sadness;
And in this way from day to day,
My life is filled with gladness.

4 To all proclaim His wondrous name,
Repeat the old, old story;
Till work is done and heaven won,
Then praise Him more in glory.

289. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 289. (G. H. 3-68.)*

THE prize is set before us,
To win, His words implore us,

The eye of God is o'er us,
 From on high, from on high,
 His loving tones are calling,
 While sin is dark, appalling,
 'Tis Jesus gently calling,
 He is nigh, He is nigh.

CHO.—By and by we shall meet Him,
 By and by we shall meet Him,
 And with Jesus reign in glory,
 By and by.

2 We'll follow where He leadeth,
 We'll pasture where He feedeth,
 We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
 From on high, from on high ;
 Then naught from Him shall sever,
 Our hope shall brighten ever,
 And faith shall fail us never—
 He is nigh, he is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us,
 No trials dark to move us,
 But Jesus dear to love us
 There on high, there on high ;
 We'll give Him best endeavor,
 And praise His name forever,
 His precious words can never,
 Never die, never die.

290. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 290. (G. H. 3-69.)*

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I Trusting only Thee !
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,
 Great and free.

- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon—
 At Thy feet I bow ;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy
 Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood ;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me—
 Thou alone shalt lead ;
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for pow'r ;
 Thine can never fail ;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
 Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus !
 Never let me fall !
 I am trusting Thee forever,
 And for all.

291. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 291. (G. H. 3-70.)*

GOOD news from heav'n; good news for thee !
G There flows a pardon full and free
 To guilty sinners, thro' the blood
 Of the incarnate Son of God ;
 He paid the debt that thou didst owe ;
 He suffered death for thee below ;
 He bore the wrath divine for thee ;
 He groaned and bled on Calvary.

CHO.—Good news from heav'n, good news for thee !
 There flows a pardon full and free

To guilty sinners, thro' the blood
Of the incarnate Son of God.

- 2 Good news from heav'n, good news for thee !
The Saviour cries, "Come unto Me
All ye who toil, with fears opprest ;
Come, weary one, O come and rest!"
He loves thee with o'erflowing love ;
He hears thy pray'r in heav'n above ;
He all thy pasture shall prepare,
And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
- 3 Good news from heav'n, good news for thee,
Has echoed from eternity ;
And loud shall our hosannas ring,
When with the ransomed throng we sing
" Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood
Has made us kings and priests to God !
Our harps we'll tune to nobler strains,
And glory give to Him who reigns.

292. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 292. (G. H. 3-71.)*

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal.

Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou can'st save, and Thou can'st heal.

- 2 Tho' destruction walk around us,
Tho' the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

- 3 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watches where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

293. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 293. (G. H. 3-72.)*

SOUND the high praises of Jesus our King !
 He came, and He conquer'd ; His victory sing.
 Sing ! for the pow'r of the tyrant is broken ;
 The triumph's complete over death and the grave.
 Vain is their boasting ! Jehovah hath spoken,
 And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty to save.
CHO.—Sound the high praises of Jesus our King !
 He came, and He conquer'd ; His victory sing.
 2 Praise to the Conqueror ! Praise to the Lord !
 The enemy quail'd at the might of His word.
 In heav'n He ascends and unfolds the glad story,
 The hosts of the blessed exult in His fame ; [ry
 In love He looks down from the throne of his glo-
 And rescues the ruin'd who trust in His name.

294. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 294. (G. H. 3-73.)*

THIS is the day of toil,
 Beneath earth's sultry noon ;
 This the day of service true,
 But resting cometh soon.

CHO.—||: Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 There remains a rest for us. :||

2 Spend and be spent would we,
 While lasteth time's brief day ;
 No turning back in coward fear,
 No lingering by the way.

- 3 Onward we press in haste,
 Upward our journey still ;
 Ours is the path the Master trod
 Through good report and ill.
- 4 The way may rougher grow,
 The weariness increase ;
 We gird our loins and hasten on—
 The end, the end is peace.

295. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 295. (G. H. 3-74.)*

THERE is joy among the angels,
 Singing round the throne above,
 When repenting tears are flowing,
 While the risen Lord is showing
 ||: All the riches of His love. :||

CHO.—There is joy! O there is joy!
 Joy that never can be told,
 When a soul that long has wander'd,
 Comes within the Saviour's fold.

- 2 There is joy among the angels,
 When a sinner heeds the call ;
 When he comes to Christ believing,
 And from Him is love receiving,
 ||: Grace that saves us one and all. :||
- 3 There is joy among the angels
 When His cause is speeding on ;
 When the notes of praises are ringing
 That the gospel work is bringing
 ||: Precious sheaves for harvest morn. :||

296. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 296. (G. H. 2-75.)*

OVER the ocean wave, far, far away,
 There the poor heathen live, waiting for day ;

Groping in ignorance dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.

CHO.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home ;
Haste with the bread of life ! hasten and come.

- 2 Here in this happy land we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and
bright ;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read ;
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need ?
- 3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List ! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
“Over the ocean wave, O see them come !
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home.”

297. TUNE—*G. H. Combined.* No. 297. (G. II. 3-76.)

WHEN we reach our Father's dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling
Who the vast creation fills,
Shall we then recall the sadness
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts were turned from hardness,
And our feet from paths of sin ?

CHO.—Yes, we surely shall remember,
And His grace we'll freely own ;
For the love so strong and tender,
That redeemed and brought us home.

- 2 When the paths of prayer and duty
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God,

Shall we then recall the story
 Of our mortal griefs and tears,
 When on earth we sought the glory,
 Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?

- 3 All the way by which He brought us,
 All the grievings that he bore,
 All the patient love that taught us,
 We'll remember evermore.
 And His rest will be the dearer,
 As we think of weary ways ;
 And His light will be the clearer,
 As we muse on cloudy days.
-

298. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 298. (G. H. 3-77.)*

“ **M**UST I go, and empty handed,”
 Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
 Nor one day of service give Him,
 Lay no trophy at His feet?

CHO.—“ Must I go, and empty handed,”
 Must I meet my Saviour so ?
 Not one soul with which to greet Him ?
 Must I empty handed go ?

2 Not at death I shrink nor falter,
 For my Saviour saves me now ;
 But to meet Him empty handed,
 Thought of that now clouds my brow.

3 O the years of sinning wasted !
 Could I but recall them now,
 I would give them to my Saviour,
 To His will I'd gladly bow.

4 O ye saints, arouse, be earnest !
 Up and work while yet 'tis day.

Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee,
Strive for souls while still you may.

299. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 299. (G. H. 3-78.)*

MY sin is great, my strength is weak,
My path beset with snares ;
But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me,
And Thou wilt hear my prayers.

REF.—To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified,
The sinner's only plea,
Relying on Thy promised grace,
My faith still clings to Thee,

2 The world is dark without Thee, Lord !

I turn me from its strife
To find Thy love a sweet relief ;
Thou art the Light of life.

3 Temptations lure and fears assail

My frail inconstant heart ;
But precious are Thy promises,
And they new strength impart.

4 Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,

And cleanse my blinded eyes ;
Grant me to work for Thee on earth,
Then praise Thee in the skies.

300. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 300. (G. H. 3-79.)*

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price !
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine !
Christ shall my song employ.

CHO.—I've found the pearl of greatest price !
My heart doth sing for joy ;

And sing I must for Christ is mine !
Christ shall my song employ.

- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
My Prophet, full of light—
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.
- 3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.
- 4 Christ is my peace : He died for me ;
For me He shed His blood ;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.
- 5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love ;
My life below—and He shall be
My joy and crown above,

301. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 301. (G. H. 3-80.)*

“**F**AINT, yet pursuing,” we press our way
Up to the glorious gates of day ;
Following Him who has gone before,
Over the path to the brighter shore.

CHO.—“Faint, yet pursuing,” from day to day,
Over the sure and the blood-marked way ;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend !
Ever pursuing unto life’s end.

- 2 “ Faint, yet pursuing,” whate’er befall,
He who has died for us, died for all.
So should they come as a mighty throng,
Bearing His banner aloft with song.

- 3 "Faint, yet pursuing" till even-tide,
Under the cross of the Crucified ;
Knowing, when darkly are skies o'ercast,
Sorrow and sighing will end at last.
- 4 "Faint, yet pursuing," the eye afar
Sees, thro' the darkness, the Morning Star,
Shedding its rays for the weary feet,
Keeping the way to the golden street.
-

302. *Tune—G. H. Combined.* No. 302. (G. H. 3-81.)

BE SIDE the well at noon-time
I hear a sad one say,
"I want that living water!
Give me to drink I pray.
The well is deep, O pilgrim !
But deeper is my need ;
I thirst for life eternal—
The *gift of God* indeed."

CHO.—Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
The living water buy ;
Ye blessed ones that hunger,
Take, eat, and never die.

2 Beside the pool Bethesda
I hear a mournful cry :
"No help, no hope is offered
To one so weak as I."
O cease thy sad complaining !
The gospel gives thee cheer ;
Come to the house of Mercy,
For Christ, the Pool, is here.

CHO.—'Tis He, the great Physician,
Can cure the sin-sick soul.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee.
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

3 While seated on the hill-side,
 The hungry ones were fed
 By Him who said most truly,
 “ I am the living bread ; ”
 ‘Tis He, the heavenly manna,
 Who doth our souls restore ;
 By faith of Him partaking,
 We live for evermore.

303. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 303. (G. II. 3-82.)*

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye . . .
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

CHO.—We will rest in the fair and happy land,
 Just across on the evergreen shore ;
 Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by,
 And dwell with Jesus ever more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest ?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay.
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

304. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 304. (G. II. 3-83.)*

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh !
 When will the moment come,

When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—:: We'll work till Jesus comes, ::
And we'll be gathered home,

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful, sheltering dome.

This world's a wilderness of woe ;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest ;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam :
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

305. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 305. (G. H. 3-84.)*

I 'VE reach'd the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine ;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land ! sweet Beulah land !
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory-shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore !

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we ;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
 And flow'rs that never fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels, with the white-robed throng,
 Join in the sweet redemption song.
-

306. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 306. (G. H. 3-100.)*

I 'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

- 2 Of that city to which I journey,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light ;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying.—I'm, etc.
- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining.
 O! my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
 Here in this country so dark and dreary, [etc.
 I long have wander'd, forlorn and weary.—I'm,
-

307. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 307. (G. H. 3-86.)*

I KNOW not what awaits me ;
 God kindly veils mine eyes,
 And o'er each step of my onward way
 He makes new scenes to rise ;
 And every joy He sends me, comes
 A sweet and glad surprise.

- CHO.—Where He may lead, I'll follow ;
 My trust in Him repose ;
 ||: And every hour in perfect peace
 I'll sing, He knows, He knows. :||
- 2 One step I see before me—
 'Tis all I need to see—
 The light of heav'n more brightly shines,
 When earth's illusions flee ;
 And sweetly through the silence came
 His loving " Follow me."
- 3 O blissful lack of wisdom !
 'Tis blessed not to know ;
 He holds me with His own right hand
 And will not let me go,
 And lulls my troubled soul to rest
 In Him who loves me so.
- 4 So on I go not knowing—
 I would not if I might—
 I'd rather walk in the dark with God
 Than go alone in the light ;
 I'd rather walk by faith with Him
 Than go alone by sight.
- CHO.—He knows, He knows, He knows.

308. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 308. (G. H. 3-87.)*

WHEN we get home from our sorrow and care,
 And we stand with the angels of light,
O ! what a meeting in heaven there'll be,
 In that land without shadow or night.
Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain
 We'll leave, when we pass through the tomb ;
Clouds of despair, storms of trial and care,
 We shall leave for that beautiful home.

- CHO.—When we get home, O when we get home,
 Get home to glory land,
 Praises we'll sing to Jesus our King,
 A ransomed, a glorified band.
- 2 When we get home to the mansions above,
 With the loved ones gone over before,
 O ! who can tell what a joy that will be
 There to live and rejoice evermore ?
 Angels will praise, the Redeemer will smile,
 And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand ;
 Free from all pain, far beyond earthly stain,
 We shall dwell in that beautiful land.
- 3 When we get home, when the morning is come,
 And forth from the city of gold
 Angels of God coming down, shall come home
 All of those who belong to His fold ;
 Will you be there, brother, loved one's to greet,
 Or will you forever be lost ?
 What is thy choice ?—fleeting pleasures of earth,
 Or a home when death's river is crossed ?

309. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 309. (G. H. 3-88.)*

O word of words the sweetest !
 O word in which there lie
 All promise, all fulfillment,
 And end of mystery !
 Lamenting, or rejoicing,
 With doubt or terror nigh,
 I hear the "come" of Jesus,
 And to His cross I fly.

REF.—||: Come, O come to me !
 Come, O come to me !
 Weary, heavy laden,
 Come, O come to me .:||

- 2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander
 From such a loving Friend?
 Cling closer, closer to Him;
 Stay with Him to the end.
 Alas! I am so helpless,
 So very full of sin,
 For I am ever wand'ring,
 And coming back again.
- 3 O! each time draw me nearer,
 That soon the "come" may be
 Naught but a gentle whisper,
 To one close, close to Thee;
 Then, over sea and mountain—
 Far from, or near my home—
 I'll take Thy hand and follow,
 At that sweet whisper "come!"
-

310. *Tunc—G. H. Combined.* No. 310. (G. H. 3-89.)

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
 Far away in the kingdom of God;
 I have read how its walls are of jasper,
 How its streets are all golden and broad.
 In the midst of the street is life's river,
 Clear as crystal and pure to behold:
 But not half of that city's bright glory
 To mortals has ever been told.

CHO.—Not half has ever been told;
 Not half has ever been told.
 Not half of that city's bright glory
 To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in heaven,
 Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;

And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
 Rest forever with Christ over there.
 There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow ;
 The inhabitants never grow old ;
 But not half of the joys that await them
 To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
 Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
 When our Father shall bid them " Come, enter,
 And my glory eternally share ;"
 How the righteous are evermore blessed
 As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold ;
 But not half of the wonderful story
 To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
 That vile sinners may ask and receive
 Peace, and pardon from every transgression,
 If when asking they only believe.
 I have read how He'll guide and protect us,
 If for safety we enter His fold ;
 But not half of His goodness and mercy
 To mortals has ever been told.

311. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 311. (G. H. 3-90.)*

A RE you coming home, ye wanderers,
 Whom Jesus died to win ?
 All footsore, lame and weary,
 Your garments stained with sin.
 Will you seek the blood of Jesus
 To wash your garments white ?
 Will you trust His precious promise ?
 Are you coming home to-night ?

CHO.—||: Are you coming home to-night ?:||

Are you coming home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?

||: Are you coming home to-night ?:||
To your loving, heavenly Father,
Are you coming home to-night?

2 Are you coming home, ye lost ones?

Behold your Lord doth wait.

Come, then, no longer linger;
Come ere it be too late.

Will you come and let Him save you?

O trust His love and might!

Will you come while He is calling?

Are you coming home to-night?

3 Are you coming home, ye guilty,

Who bear the load of sin?

Outside you've long been standing;

Come now, and venture in.

Will you heed the Saviour's promise,

And dare to trust Him quite?

"Come unto me," saith Jesus.

Are you coming home to-night?

312. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 312. (G. H. 3-91.)*

SAY, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,

And what is thy prospect to-day?

Why toil for the wealth that will perish?

The treasures that rust and decay.

O think of thy soul! that forever

Must live on eternity's shore,

When thou in the dust art forgotten,

When pleasure can charm thee no more.

CHO.—'Twill profit thee nothing ; but fearful the cost,
||: To gain the whole world, if thy soul should
be lost. :||

2 The Master is calling thee, sinner,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasure above.
O kneel at the cross where He suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave !
The arm of His mercy will hold thee—
The Arm that is mighty to save.

3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,
Repent, ere the season is past ;
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last.
Then slight not the warning, repeated
With all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one has cared for thy soul.

313. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 313. (G. H. 3-92.)*

BRIGHTELY gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'lers onward, to their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert, gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united take our heav'nward way.

CHO.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'lers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master, at Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing, see Thy children meet.

Often have we left Thee, often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow way.

- 3 All our days direct us in the way we go;
Lead us on victorious over every foe; [lower;
Bid Thine angels shield us, when the storm-clouds
Pardon us, and save us in the last dread hour.
 - 4 Then with saints and angels may we join above,
Offering endless praises at Thy throne of love.
When the toil is over, then comes rest and peace—
Jesus in His beauty—songs that never cease.
-

314. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 314. (G. II. 3-93.)*

MY Jesus, I love Thee! I know Thou art mine!
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou.
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow.
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
 - 3 I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
 - 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
-

315. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 315. (G. II. 3-94.)*

HEAR ye the glad Good News from Heaven?
Life to a death-doomed race is given!

Christ on the cross for you and me
Purchased a pardon full and free.

CHO.—||: He that believeth, he that believeth,
He that believeth hath everlasting life.:||

2 When we were lost, the Son of God
Made an atonement by His blood:
When we the glad Good News believe,
Then the atonement we receive.

3 Why not believe the glad Good News?
Why still the voice of God refuse?
Why not believe, when God hath said,
All, *all* our guilt “on Him” was laid?

316. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 316. (G. H. 3-95.)*

THE way is dark, my Father! || Cloud upon cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders | roar a- | bove me. || Yet see, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, | take my | hand,
And thro' the gloom lead safely home,
Safely home, safely home,
Lead safely home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears, like a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, || take my | hand,

And in the way to endless day,
 Endless day, endless day,
 Lead safely on Thy child !

4 The path is rough, my Father ! || Many a thorn
 Has pierced me ; and my feet, all torn
 And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command
 Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand ;
 Then safe and blest, O lead to rest !
 Lead to rest, lead to rest,
 O lead to rest Thy child !

5 The throng is great, my Father ! || Many a doubt
 And fear of danger compass me about ;
 And foes op- | press me | sore. || I cannot stand
 Or go alone. O Father, | take my | hand,
 And through the throng, lead safe along,
 Safe along, safe along,
 Lead safe along Thy child !

6 The cross is heavy, Father ! || I have borne
 It long, and | still do | bear it. Let my worn
 And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
 Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand,
 And reaching down, lead to the crown,
 To the crown, to the crown,
 Lead to the crown Thy child !

317. *Tunc—G. H. Combined. No. 317. (G. H. 3-96.)*

HEAVENLY Father, we beseech Thee,
 Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
 Take us in Thy care and keeping,
 Guard from evil every heart.

CHO.—Bless the words we here have spoken,
 Offered prayer and cheerful strain ;

If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,
Grant we all may meet again.

- 2 Loving Saviour, go Thou with us;
Be our comfort and our stay ;
Grateful praise to Thee we render,
For the joy we feel to-day.
 - 3 Holy Spirit, dwell within us ;
May our souls Thy temple be ;
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.
 - 4 Heavenly Father, loving Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As among Thy saints and angels,
So on earth, Thy will be done.
-

318. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 318. (G. H. 3-97.)*

BY faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree ;
To every nation He is crying,
Look to me ! look to me !
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear :
Hark, hark ! what precious words I hear !
Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me ? pity me ?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin ?
Can it be ? can it be ?
O yes ! He did salvation bring :
He is my Prophet, Priest and King ;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes ;
 Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me.
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove ;
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love !
 Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
 And when the vale of death I've passed—
 When lodged above the stormy blast—
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
-

319.

Tune—MEAR. C. M. (G. H. 3-98.)

SPIRIT of truth, O let me know
 The love of Christ to me ;
 Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
 To set me wholly free.

- 2 I long to know its depth and height,
 To scan its breadth and length ;
 Drink in its ocean of delight,
 And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is Thine office to reveal
 My Saviour's wond'rous love !
 O deepen on my heart Thy seal,
 And bless me from above !
- 4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
 And be my constant Guide ;

With richer gladness fill my heart ;
Be Jesus glorified.

320. *Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 320. (G. H. 3-99.)*

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb !
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of His dying love !
Sing of His rising power !
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
 - 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing !
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—
In Christ, the eternal King.
 - 4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.
-

321. *Tune—DUKE ST. L. M. (G. H. 3-101.)*

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

322. *Tune—WARD.* L. M. (G. H. 3-104.)

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 - 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 No! When I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.
 - 4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 - 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.
-

323. *Tune—WINDHAM.* L. M. (G. H. 3-105.)

STAY! thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Tho' I have done Thee such despite.
 Cast not the sinner quite away!
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who e'er Thy grace received—
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
 I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release !
 Upraise me by Thy gracious hand :
 Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

324. *Tune—ST. THOMAS. S. M. (G. H. 3-106.)*

O HOLY Spirit ! come,
 And Jesus' love declare.
 O tell us of our heavenly home,
 And guide us safely there !

2 Our unbelief remove
 By Thine almighty breath ;
 O work the wondrous work of love—
 The mighty work of faith !

3 Come with resistless power ;
 Come with almighty grace ;
 Come with the long-expected shower,
 And fall upon this place.

325. *Tune—LENOX. (G. H. 1-119.)*

(G. H. 3-108.)

COME, every joyful heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert,
 To celebrate His fame ;
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
 And laid His robes aside ;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died.
 What He endured no tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell.

326. *Tune—“ LOOKING HOME.” Key G. (G. H. 3-122.)*

Bradbury Trio, page 160.

A H ! this earth is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy thronging ;
 For my Father's mansion, still
 Earnestly I'm longing.

CHO.—Looking home, looking home,
 T'wards the heavenly mansion
 Jesus hath prepared for me,
 In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
 Heavenly pleasures bringing ;
 Night will be exchanged for morn,
 Sighs give place to singing.

4 O to be at home ! and gain
 All for which we are sighing ;
 From all earthly want and pain
 To be swiftly flying.

4 Blessed home ! O blessed home !
 There no more to sever ;
 Soon we'll meet around the throne,
 Praising God forever.

INDEX.

A.

	No.
Ah, my heart is heavy laden.....	34
Ah, this heart is void and chill.....	326
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	111-167
All glory to Jesus be given.....	201
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	101
All my doubts I give to Jesus.....	139
All people that on earth do dwell.....	1
All the way my Saviour leads me.....	60
"Almost persuaded" now to believe.....	75
A long time I wandered in darkness and sin.....	66
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.....	213
Am I a soldier of the cross?.....	115
Are you coming home, ye wanderers?.....	311
Arise, my soul, arise.....	119
Art thou weary, art thou languid?.....	195
A ruler once came to Jesus by night.....	237
At the feet of Jesus.....	160
Awake, and sing the song.....	320

B.

Beautiful valley of Eden.....	252
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	43
Be our joyful song to-day.....	286
Beside the well at noon-time.....	302
Blessed hope that in Jesus is given.....	245
Blest be the tie that binds.....	114
Brightly beams our Father's mercy.....	65
Brightly gleams our banner.....	313
By faith I view my Saviour dying.....	318

C.

Call them in, the poor, the wretched.....	153
Can it be right for me to go.....	269
Come, every joyful heart.....	325
Come, every soul by sin oppressed.....	94
Come, for the feast is spread.....	191
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!	128
Come home, come home.....	38
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	217
Come near me, O my Saviour.....	231
Come sing the gospel's joyful sound.....	134
Come souls that are longing for pleasure.....	255
Come Thou Fount of every blessing.....	116
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.....	132
Come to the Saviour, make no delay.....	62
Come, we that love the Lord.....	250
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish.....	197
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	127
Cut it down, cut it down.....	238

D.

Dark is the night, and cold.....	148
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	99
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?.....	131

	No.
Down life's dark vale we wander.....	52
Do you see the Hebrew captive.....	143
	E.
Eternity dawns on my vision to-day.....	278
	F.
Fade, fade, each earthly joy.....	179
Faint, yet pursuing, we press our way.....	301
Faith is a living power from heaven.....	215
Fierce and wild the storm is raging.....	253
Free from the law, O happy condition.....	16
Fresh from the throne of glory.....	170
From all that dwell below the skies.....	321
From every stormy wind that blows.....	105
From the Riven Rock there floweth.....	270
Fully persuaded! Lord, I believe.....	76
	G.
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....	186
Gliding o'er life's fitful waters.....	260
Go bury thy sorrow.....	61
God loved the world of sinners lost.....	30
Good news from heaven, good news.....	291
"Go work in my vineyard".....	98
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....	49
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.....	88
	H.
Hallelujah! He is risen.....	180
Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying.....	120
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	214
Have you any room for Jesus?.....	284
Have you on the Lord believed?.....	31
Hear ye the glad good news from heaven?.....	315
Heavenly Father, bless me now.....	32
Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee.....	317
He leadeth me! O blessed thought.....	51
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty.....	222
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....	40
Home at last on heavenly mountains.....	189
Ho! my comrades, see the signal.....	14
Ho! reapers of life's harvest.....	150
How solemn are the words.....	70
How sweet the word of Christ the Lord.....	281
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	71
	I.
I am coming to the cross.....	59
I am now a child of God.....	178
I am so glad that our Father in heaven.....	23
I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard.....	138
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.....	290
I bring my sins to Thee.....	156
I cannot tell how precious.....	251
I feel like singing all the time.....	276
If never the gaze of the sun and moon.....	243
I gave My life for thee.....	21
I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory.....	11
I have entered the valley of blessing.....	196
I have heard of a land far away.....	261
I have heard of a Saviour's love.....	157
I have read of a beautiful city.....	310

	No.
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	123
I hear the Saviour say.....	35
I hear Thy welcome voice.....	63
I know not the hour when my Lord will come.....	13
I know not what awaits me.....	307
I left it all with Jesus.....	90
I love to tell the story.....	39
I love to think of the heavenly land.....	152
I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	211
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger.....	306
I need Thee every hour.....	3
In my Father's house there is many a room.....	274
In some way or other the Lord will provide.....	5
In the Christian's home in glory.....	130
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	68
In the silent midnight watches.....	183
In Zion's Rock abiding.....	171
Is Jesus able to redeem ?.....	241
I stood outside the gate.....	172
It may be at morn, when the day is awaking.....	239
It passeth knowledge ! that dear love of Thine.....	73
I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend.....	224
I've found a joy in sorrow.....	151
I've found the pearl of greatest price.....	300
I've reached the land of corn and wine.....	305
I waited for the Lord, my God.....	125
I will sing of my Redeemer.....	229
I will sing you a song of that beautiful land.....	20

J.

Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	322
Jesus Christ is passing by.....	230
Jesus, gracious One, calleth now to thee.....	228
Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	45
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	85, 193
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	141
Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	110, 236
Just as I am, without one plea.....	54

K.

Knocking, knocking, who is there ?.....	17
-----------------------------------------	----

L.

Let us gather up the sunbeams.....	174
Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing.....	198
Light in the darkness, sailor ! day is at hand.....	83
Long in darkness we have waited.....	227
Look away to Jesus.....	164
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....	262
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.....	159
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	87
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.....	169
Lo ! the day of God is breaking.....	149

M.

" Man of Sorrows," what a name.....	140
Mine! what rays of glory bright.....	277
More holiness give me.....	93
More love to Thee, O Christ.....	136
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	219
My faith looks up to Thee.....	117
My God, I have found.....	221

	No.
My heart it was heavy and sad.....	100
My heavenly home is bright and fair.....	256
My hope is built on nothing less.....	162
My Jesus, I love Thee.....	314
My latest sun is sinking fast.....	187
My sin is great, my strength is weak.....	299
My song shall be of Jesus.....	142
My soul, be on thy guard.....	112
Must I go, and empty handed?.....	298
Must Jesus bear the cross alone?.....	206

N.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	118
Not all the blood of beasts.....	113
Nothing but leaves—the Spirit grieves.....	96
Nothing, either great or small.....	281
Not now my child—a little more rough tossing.....	47
Now just a word for Jesus.....	163

O.

O bliss of the purified.....	46
O Christ; what burdens bowed Thy head.....	57
O come to the Saviour, believe in His name.....	95
O crown of rejoicing that's waiting for me.....	181
O do not let the word depart	246
O for a faith that will not shrink.....	108
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	102
O for the peace that floweth as a river.....	161
O happy day, that fixed my choice.....	133
O how happy are we.....	244
O Holy Spirit, come.....	324
Oh ! I am so happy in Jesus.....	265
O land of rest, for thee I sigh.....	304
Once I was dead in sin.....	129
One more day's work for Jesus.....	28
One offer of salvation.....	78
One sweetly solemn thought.....	192
One there is above all others.....	36
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	303
Only an armour-bearer.....	82
Only a step to Jesus.....	144
Only trusting in my Saviour.....	272
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	175
Onward! upward! Christian soldier.....	135
O safe to the Rock that is higher than I.....	232
O spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears.....	173
O tender and sweet was the Master's voice	247
O the bitter pain and sorrow.....	268
O the clanging bells of time.....	203
O think of a home over there.....	92
O to be nothing, nothing.....	74
O to be over yonder.....	58
O turn ye, O turn ye.....	205
Our lamps are trimmed and burning.....	168
Our Master has taken His journey.....	285
Over the ocean wave.....	296
O what are you going to do ?.....	194
O what a Saviour, that He died for me.....	242
O what shall I do to be saved?.....	202
O where are the reapers?.....	155
O word of words the sweetest.....	309

P.

	No.
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	27
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.....	1
Precious promise God hath given.....	50
Precious Saviour, may I live	280

R.

Rejoice and be glad.....	24
Rejoice with me, for now I'm free.....	288
Repeat the story o'er and o'er.....	154
Rescue the perishing.....	18
Revive Thy work, O Lord.....	223
Ring the bells of heaven.....	19
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	86

S.

Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	4
Salvation ! O the joyful sound.....	109
Savé ! Jesus, save.....	248
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	292
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.....	126
Saviour, more than life to me.....	48
Saviour, Thy dying love.....	26
Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner?.....	312
Shall we gather at the river?.....	124
Shall we meet beyond the river?.....	199
She only touched the hem of His garment.....	267
Simply trusting every day.....	165
Sing them over again to me.....	282
Sinners, turn ! why will ye die ?.....	106
So let our lips and lives express.....	104
Sound the high praises of Jesus our King.....	293
Sowing the seed by the daylight fair.....	79
Spirit of truth, O let me know	319
Standing by a purpose true.....	158
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	121
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	323
Suffering Saviour, with thorn-crown.....	146
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	84
Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer.....	77

T.

Take my life, and let it be.....	234
Take the name of Jesus with you.....	72
Tenderly the Shepherd.....	177
Tell me the Old, Old Story.....	37
Tempted and tried.....	249
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	275
The great Physician now is near.....	56
The gospel bells are ringing.....	235
The gospel trumpet's sounding.....	266
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.....	107
The mistakes of my life have been many.....	190
The prize is set before us.....	289
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	91
There is a gate that stands ajar.....	15
There is a green hill far away.....	273
There is a land of pure delight.....	467, 264
There is joy among the angels.....	295
There is life for a look.....	80
There's a beautiful land on high.....	218

	No.
There's a land that is fairer than day.....	204
There were ninety and nine that safely lay.....	6
The sands of time are sinking.....	147
The Spirit, O sinner.....	42
The way is dark, my Father.....	316
The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin.....	41
They dreamed not of danger.....	209
Thine, Jesus, Thine.....	226
Thine, most gracious Lord.....	137
This is the day of toil.....	294
This loving Saviour stands patiently.....	9
'Thou art coming, O my Saviour.....	271
'Thou didst leave Thy throne.....	188
'Thou my everlasting portion.....	170
'Through the valley of the shadow.....	207
'Till He come, O let the words.....	69
"Tis a goodly pleasant land.....	208
"Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.....	216
"Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give.....	2
To-day the Saviour calls.....	55
To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair.....	64
To the work, to the work.....	145

W.

Wandering afar from the dwellings of men.....	12
Watchman, tell me, does the morning.....	185
We are waiting by the river.....	220
Weary gleaner, whence comest thou?.....	33
We praise thee, O God, for the Son of.....	25
We're marching to Canaan.....	166
We're going home, no more to roam.....	22
We're saved by the blood.....	254
We shall meet beyond the river.....	7
We shall sleep, but not forever.....	184
We speak of the land of the blest.....	283
We've journeyed many a day.....	233
What a friend we have in Jesus.....	29
What, "lay my sins on Jesus"?.....	53
What means this eager, anxious throng?.....	8
What tho' clouds are hovering o'er me?.....	257
What various hindrances we meet.....	103
When He cometh, when He cometh.....	97
When Jesus comes to reward His servants.....	259
When my final farewell to the world I have said.....	210
When peace like a river.....	200
When the storms of life are raging.....	225
When we get home from our sorrow.....	308
When we reach our Father's dwelling.....	297
Where is my wandering boy to-night?.....	279
While foes are strong and danger near.....	182
While life prolongs its precious light.....	212
Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee?.....	258
"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound.....	10
Why do you wait, dear brother?.....	240
With harps and with viols, there stand a great throng.....	44
Work, for the night is coming.....	122
Would you lose your load of sin?.....	263

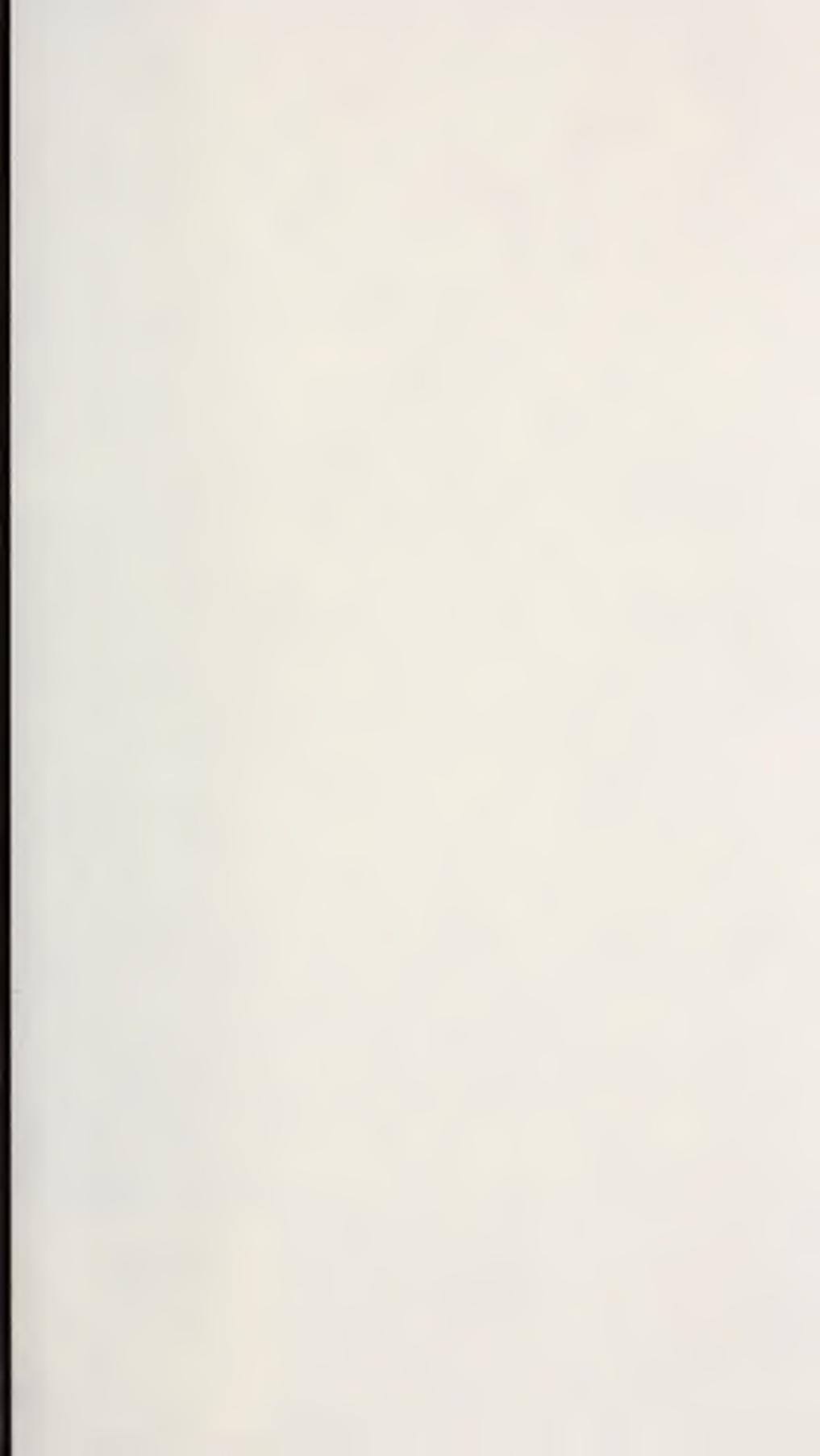
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Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song..... 8 ?
 Yield not to temptation..... 89

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